The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A SEA-SHELL.

Cool lips of shell, sing, sea-shell warm and sweet,
Of ripples curling on the creamy beach,
Of soft waves singing in each other's ear,
Small wavelets kissing one another's feet,
Where flakes of foam make music, a low speech
Tenderly sad to hear.

Tell me of half-formed little broken words
Sung by the ripples to the still sea-flowers
In silent, sleeping, tideless deeps of sea;
For there the flowers have voices like to birds,
That sing full-throated in this world of ours
On each melodious tree.

Not now, not now, sweet shell, some other day;
Tell me of sighings on the lonely shore,
And seas that sob to birds that scream above;
Tell me not now of earth grown weak and gray,
Nor longing for the things that come no more,
Nor any broken love.

To me thy breathing bears another tone,
Of fresh cool currents running under sea,
And happy laughter of the sunny spray:
Ah! hearest thou the words that are thine own,
Know'st thou the message that they bear to me,
The things they seem to say?

Ah, sea-shell! it is this—"The soft blue deep,
Which thrills with a heart that knows thee and is kind,
Sighed for thy sorrow, now it laughs with thee;
Love is a secret which man cannot keep.
Hide it from heaven and the heedless wind,
But trust it with the sea!"

THE WHITE SQUAW.

A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

Sansuta—for she it was—smiled upon the young Indian.

He did not approach the spot where father and daughter stood.

His impassioned eloquence had vanished.

He could scarce find words for the simplest salutation.

Oluski, perceiving his bashfulness, hastened to his relief.

"Sansuta has been upon a visit, and has only now returned. It is many years since you have seen her, Wacora. You did not expect her to have grown so tall?"

Wacora finished the sentence.

"Nor so beautiful!" he said.

Sansuta cast down her eyes.

"No praise like that should reach an Indian maiden's ear," said Oluski, with a smile: "nevertheless, Sansuta is as the Great Spirit has made her, that is sufficient."

The girl did not seem to share her father's sentiments; a slight pout of her beautiful lips implied that the compliment was by no means unpleasant.

Wacora was again dumb, as if half regretting what he had said.

Such is the power that beauty exercises over bravery!

The young Indian warrior actually blushed at his boldness.

"But what brings you here, Sansuta?" asked her father. "Did you not know that your cousin and myself were in council?"

The pretty Sansuta had recovered her composure.

The pout had disappeared from her lips, which, opening to answer her father's question, revealed two rows of teeth of a dazzling whiteness.

"I am here to bid you both to the evening meal," she said.

Her voice, melodious and soft, struck upon Wacora's ear like the music of the mocking-bird.

The charm was complete.

Forgetful of his late conversation, forgetful for a time of his thoughts and aspirations, oblivious of his enthusiasm, he stood a very child, eagerly watching her and listening for those tones again.

It was Oluski, however, who spoke.

"Come, Wacora, let us go with her."

The old chief strode away from the spot, Sansuta by his side.

Wacora followed, with a new feeling in his heart.

It was love!

CHAPTER IX.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

A week later the table top of the hill overlooking the settlement presented a changed picture.

It was one of active life.

The naked poles, formerly standing there, had disappeared, and comfortable Indian dwellings—wigwams—were in their place.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?" WAS ALL SHE COULD GASP.

At the doors of several were planted lances and spears, with plumes and pennons depending from them.

These were the residences of the chiefs.

In the centre of the group was a large building, which was carefully, almost elaborately constructed, and which far o'ertopped over the others.

It was the council house of the tribe.

Around the doors of their respective dwellings, the owners might be seen engaged in every variety of employment or peaceful idleness. Children frolicked in the presence of their parents, and dusky maidens, in twos and threes, loitered up and down the main street or avenue.

At one of the doors an interesting group seemed rapt in attention at the recital of a story that was being told by an aged chief.

The chief was Oluski, and among the individuals around was his daughter, Sansuta.

The others were his kindred.

They had assembled, as was their usual evening custom, in front of his wigwam, to listen to tales of virtue or valor; of deeds done by their ancestors in the days of the early Spanish settlers.

The Indians are admirable listeners, and, in the easy natural attitudes into which they fell as they leaned forward to catch Oluski's words, they formed a charming tableau.

The venerable chief, with dignified action, measured speech, and great skill in modulating his voice, held their attention as much by the manner as the matter of his narrative.

As the incident he was relating developed pathos, chivalry, horror or revenge, so did his audience yield themselves to its influences. By turns they lowered their eyes, shuddered, stared wildly around with knit brows and clenched hands.

Like all people constantly communing with nature, they were easily moved to joy or sorrow; and not civilized enough to make any attempt at concealing it.

As Oluski sat in their midst, the observed of all observers, he looked the picture of a patriarch.

The time and place were both in harmony with the subject.

Oluski's story drew to a close. His hero had achieved his triumph. The distressed Seminole maiden was rescued, and joy and union wound up the tale, which had for more than an hour held his listeners enthralled.

"So now, children, away! The sun is sinking in the west; the hour of council is at hand, and I must leave you. Return to-morrow and I will relate to you some other episode in the history of our tribe."

The young people rose at the chief's bidding, and with "thanks" and "good-nights," prepared to depart, Sansuta among the rest.

"Where are you going, child?" asked her father.

"Only to the spring, father. I shall be back soon."

As the girl said this, she turned, as if wishing to avoid her father's gaze. The other people had all departed.

"Well," said the old man, after a pause, "do not forget to return soon. I would not have you abroad after nightfall."

She murmured a few words, and sauntered away from the spot.

Oluski did not immediately depart, but stood leaning against the spear that stood up in front of his dwelling.

The old man's eyes were filled with tears, while a hand was laid upon his heart.

"Poor girl," he reflected, as he watched her form disappearing in the fast darkening twilight, "she never knew her mother. I sometimes think I have been but a poor guardian of Sansuta's steps. But the Great Spirit knows I have tried to do my duty."

Sighing heavily, he brushed the tears from his eyes, and strode off to the council house.

CHAPTER X.

AN APPOINTMENT KEPT BY DEPUTY.

Let us follow the footsteps of Sansuta.

Once out of sight, and conscious that she had eluded her father's observation, she quickened her steps, not in the direction of the spring, but towards a thick clump of live oaks which grew at the foot of the hill.

As she approached the spot, her pace gradually became slower, until she at length came to a stop.

As she paused, a shiver ran through her frame.

She was evidently in doubt as to the propriety of what she was doing.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and darkness was rapidly falling over the landscape.

A distant murmuring alone gave token of the proximity of the Indian village upon the hill.

After a few moments, and while Sansuta still stood beside the grove, these sounds ceased, and perfect silence reigned around the spot.

Presently a cuckoo's note was heard—followed by another nearer and louder—that in its turn succeeded by three others.

Whilst the echo of the last still vibrated on the evening air, the maiden was startled by a sudden apparition.

It sprung into view at her very feet, as if the ground had opened suddenly to give it passage.

When the girl regained courage sufficient to look upon it, her fears were in no way lessened.

Standing in a grotesque attitude, she beheld a negro, with arms enveloped in a ragged garment, moving about like the sails of a windmill, whilst a low chuckle proceeded from his huge mouth.

"He! he! he! brest if de old nigga didn't skear de galumptious Injun. He! he! he! 'gorry if de Injun beauty ain't turn white at de show of dis chile!"

It was Crookleg who spoke.

He seemed to enjoy the fright he had given the maiden; for, after having ceased to speak, his gurgling cachination was continued.

It was some time before Sansuta recovered presence of mind sufficient to speak to the black deformity before her.

"What do you want?" was all she could gasp.

"Ha! ha! ha! It warn't dis ugly ole nigga what the big chief's chile 'spected to meet—war it? No, I know it warn't. But don't be skeard, ole Crookleg won't hurt ye. He's as innercent as a angel. He! he! he! as a angel!"

Here another caper, similar to the one with which he had introduced himself, placed him in a still more impish attitude.

The Indian girl had by this recovered from her first surprise, seeing that some attributes of humanity appertained to her strange interlocutor.

"Again, what do you want? Let me pass. I must return to the village."

"Gorry, an it arn't Crookleg dat will hinder you," the negro answered, standing directly in her path. "He only want say a word to you—dat is if you is de beautiful Sansuta, de darter of de chief?"

"I am the chief's daughter; that is my name. I am Sansuta!"

"Den de young ge'l'm'n told dis old darkey true wen he say I find you down by de live oak grove at sunset—he tole de ole nigga true."

A blush overspread the girl's face as Crookleg spoke. She did not answer him.

"He say to me," continued the negro, "dat I war to tell de *lady*" (here he chuckled), "dat he de gen'l'm'n couldn' come to meet her to-night, on accoun' o' de ole man his bossy wot hab gib him somethin' 'tickler to do. He send ole Crookleg to tell her dat, and gib her sometin what I've got hyar in my pocket, he! he! he!"

Saying these words, the monster made a series of movements, having in view the discovery of his pocket.

After a most elaborate and vigorous search for its aperture among the multitudinous rags, he succeeded in finding it. Then, plunging his long right arm therein up to the elbow, he drew forth a small parcel wrapped in white paper, and tied with a string of dazzling beads.

With another acrobatic bound, he handed it to the trembling girl.

"Dere it am, safe and soun'. Dis ole nigga neber lose nuffin and often find a good deal. Dat, says de gen'l'm'n, is for de most lubbly of her sex, de Missy Sansuta."

The tender look accompanying this speech was something hideous to behold.

Sansuta hesitated before taking the parcel from him, as if in doubt whether she should not decline it.

"Da! take it," urged he; "'tain't nuffin as 'll go off and hurt ye; dis nigga kin swar to dat!"

Not so much this friendly assurance as a resolution the girl had come to, decided her.

She stretched forth her hand and took the package.

This done, she essayed once more to move past the negro in order to return to the hill.

Crookleg, however, still blocking up the path, made no movement to give way to her.

He had evidently something more to say.

"Lookee hyar," he continued, "I war bid to tell the lubbly Injun lady that the gen'l'm'n wud be at dis berry spot to-morrow mornin' early to meet her, and I war 'tickler told to say dat it war private, and not to be told no quisitive folks wat might wunt to know. Now I think," here Crookleg took off his tattered hat and scratched his wool. "Yas! dat's all dis nigga war tole to say—yes, dat's all."

Without waiting for a reply, the monstrosity made a pirouette, then a bound, and disappeared so suddenly, that he was gone before Sansuta could recover from her surprise.

Once assured that she was alone, the maiden hastened to untie the bead-string around the packet, and lay bare its contents.

Her glance fell upon a pair of showy earrings, and affixed to them a small slip of paper.

Though but an Indian maiden, the chief's daughter had learnt to read.

By the last glimpse of departing twilight she read what was written on the paper.

There were but two words—

"From Warren."

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNCIL.

Oluski's entrance into the council-house was the signal for all eyes to turn towards him.

Slowly and with dignity he traversed the space between the door and the seat reserved for him, at the upper end of the hall.

Once there he turned around, bowed gravely to the assembled warriors, and then took his seat.

Pipes were now lighted, and gourds filled with honey and water handed around.

Oluski declined the latter, but lighted one of the pipes, and for some time watched, as if in reverie, the circling of the smoke.

The silence that ensued upon the old chief's entrance continued for several minutes. At length a young warrior, opposite to him, rose and spoke—

"Will our chief tell his brothers why they are called together, and what is it that makes him thoughtful and silent? We will hear and advise—let Oluski speak!"

After this brief address, the young man resumed his seat, whilst those around the circle murmured their assent to what he had said.

Thus solicited, Oluski arose, and spoke as follows:

"It is not unknown to many of our warriors now present, that I was deputed by their elder brothers and themselves many years since, to go to the pale faces in Georgia to settle some old disputes about lands sold by our people to them, and about which wicked men of both races had caused quarrels and bloodshed. I departed on my errand, went to the great town where their council-house stands, spoke truth, and made new treaties with them. All this I did, and our people were pleased!"

"A chorus of voices ratified the chief's statement.

"It may be remembered that I made new friends with some of the pale faces, and concluded treaties, founded on justice, which gave to our people property they needed in exchange for lands which we did not require."

Renewed signals of assent.

"To one pale face more than to others I was under bonds of gratitude. He did me great service when I required it, and I promised to repay him. An Indian chief never breaks his word. I gave to that man some of the lands left to me by my fathers. These are the lands upon which the white settlement now stands. The pale face I speak of was Elias Rody!"

The voices of the assembled warriors were silent. An eager look of expectancy was all the answer Oluski received at mention of Rody's name.

The old chief continued.

"To-day Elias Rody came here and talked with me. He told me that the hour had arrived when I could do him a great service, and again prove myself grateful for the aid he had afforded me. I told him to speak out. He did so. I listened. He said the colony he had founded was prosperous, but there was one thing he still desired; and this was the favor he came to ask. Twice before he had spoken of it. This time he required a final answer. His demand was more than I could of myself grant. I told him so. For this reason have I called you into council. I will lay his wish before you. It is for you to decide."

Oluski paused to give opportunity for any one who chose to make a remark.

None was made, but the listeners looked around them as if trying to read each other's thoughts.

The chief proceeded.

"What the white man wants, is to buy from us this hill upon which our habitations are built."

A chorus of angry, dissentient voices greeted the proposal.

"Hear me out," continued Oluski, "and then decide."

Silence ensued as sudden as the noisy interruption.

"The white chief offered me one hundred rifles, two hundred square Mackinaw blankets, five kegs of gunpowder, fifteen bales of cloth, and one hundred shot belts, besides beads, knives, and small articles. For this he desires to have possession of the hill as far as the borders of the settlement, and the strip of land lying along the shore of the bay.

"I have told you this with no remark of my own to influence your decision. To you, brothers, I leave it. Whatever it may be, Oluski will abide by it."

Saying this, he sat down.

The young warrior who had already spoken, once more rose to his feet and addressed himself to the chief.

"Why does Oluski ask us to decide? The land is his, not ours."

Without rising the chief replied to the question. His voice was sad and subdued, as though he were speaking under compulsion.

"I have asked you, my sons," said he, "for good reason. Although the land is my own, the grave-yard of our ancestors, which adjoins the property, belongs not only to the whole tribe, but to the children of the tribe forever!"

A silence, such as precedes a storm, fell upon the assembly.

Then every voice within the council chamber, was simultaneously raised in loud protestations, and had Elias Rody seen the flashing eyes and angry gestures, or heard the fierce invective hurled back to his proposal, he would have hesitated to renew it.

Amidst the wild tumult Oluski sat, with head bowed upon his breast, a feeling of sorrow in his heart.

The angry debate that succeeded did not last long; it was but the ebullition of a common sentiment, to which the expression by one voice was alone wanting.

It found it in the same youthful warrior who had spoken before.

The feelings of the warriors being known, he, as well as any other, could give them voice.

"The chosen of the tribe have decided," said he, amidst perfect silence; "I will proclaim their answer."

"Do so," Oluski said, simply raising his head.

"They despise the white chief's bribe, offered for the bones of our ancestors. They bid me ask Oluski what answer he intends making to the pale-face."

The old chief rose hastily to his feet, his form and eyes dilated.

Glancing proudly around the assembly, he cried out, in a clear, ringing voice,

"Oluski's answer is written here."

As he said this, he struck his spread palm upon his breast.

"When the white chief would have it, it shall be No!"

A cry of approbation from every warrior present greeted this patriotic speech.

Hastening forward, they pressed around their chief with ejaculations of joy.

The aged patriarch felt his blood freshly warmed within his veins—he was young again!

In a few moments the excitement subsided, and the warriors, returning from the council-house, moved off towards their respective dwellings.

Oluski was the last to emerge from the council-chamber.

As he stepped across the threshold, the fire that had animated him seemed to have become suddenly extinguished.

His form was bent, his steps tottering and listless.

As he looked down the hill, he caught a glimpse of the white settlement, with its window-lights twinkling through the darkness.

One, more brilliant than the rest, attracted his attention.

It was the house of Elias Rody.

"I fear," said the old chief, in a dreamy voice, "my gift will prove fatal alike to him and me. When ambition enters the heart, honor and justice find no home therein. Our people cannot know that man in the past; they must judge him by his present. I would be generous—the Great Spirit knows that—but I must also be just. If I have raised angry feelings at this council, I have nothing to charge myself with; I but did my duty. May the white chief's heart be turned from the covetous thoughts which fill it! Great Spirit, hear my prayer!"

With a natural and beautiful action, the aged Indian raised his hands in supplication to that Power alike cognizant of the thoughts of white and red.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SITUATION.

Several days had elapsed since the meeting in the council house.

The answer of the Seminole warriors had been conveyed to the white governor by Oluski himself.

The old chief couched the decision in kindly words mingled with regrets.

Elias Rody was wonderfully self-possessed.

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, grasped the Seminole's hand, and with a wave of his own seemed to dismiss the subject from his thoughts.

Nay, more, he presented the old warrior with a beautifully inlaid rifle, a bale of broad-cloth, and a keg of powder.

"Come, come," said he, speaking in the friendliest tone, "don't let a mere whim of mine affect such a friendship as ours. You *must* accept these things—mere trifles. Your taking them will prove that you harbor no unkindness towards me or mine."

Thus pressed, Oluski accepted the presents.

The governor smiled covertly as the old chief departed.

* * * * * * * * *

Nelatu had recovered from his wound; he daily spent hours in company with Warren, and there was no lack of diversion for the white youth or his red-skinned companion.

Their canoe darted through the blue waters of the bay, or stole dreamily along the river's current.

Their rifles brought down the wildfowl upon the sea, or the quail and partridge upon the land.

Their fishing-rods and spears furnished many a dainty dish.

Sometimes, going farther afield, they would bring home a deer, or a brace or two of wild turkeys—or, bent on destruction, would penetrate some dark lagoon and slay the hideous alligator.

The opportunities which these pursuits presented were constantly improved by Warren.

He moulded his conduct and expressions to suit the simple faith and understanding of his Indian companion.

He concealed beneath a considerate kindness the dark thoughts that were brooding in his bosom, and was the very semblance of what he professed to be—a friend.

Nelatu, generous and confiding, was flattered and charmed by his condescension; with the simple faith of a child he trusted his white associate.

"Ah, Nelatu," would the latter say, "if I had only the power to do what I wish, I would prove myself a true friend to the Indians. Our race are afraid to show real sympathy with them on account of old and stupid prejudices. Wait until I am in a position to prove my words, and you will see what I will do. Why, even now, I'd rather sit near you fishing, or tramp with you across the country on a hunting excursion, than spend the time amongst my own people, who cannot understand either me or my ways."

In a thousand designing ways he impressed himself on Nelatu's mind as a chivalrous, self-sacrificing fellow, worthy the love of any maiden. Then, adroitly singing soft praises of Sansuta to the brother's pleased ear, he insured in him a faithful ally and warm panegyrist.

Sansuta, pleased with an admiration which she never paused to question, blushed at her brother's report of Warren's good qualities.

Many articles of adornment had come into her hands, and were kept from her father's sight.

She dared not wear them, but in secret gloated over their possession as over the feeling which had prompted the gift.

Sansuta, it will be seen, was a coquette, though one through vanity, not vice.

She was innocent as a child, but inordinately vain.

She had grown up without a mother's care; had been so much thrown upon her own resources, that all her faults were those of an untrained nature.

Her heart was warm, her affection for her father and brother, deep and true; but she was too prone to turn from the bright side of life, and tremble at anything with the appearance of dullness.

Differently placed, this Indian maiden might have become a heroine. As it was she was nothing but a frivolous child.

With a generous man, her defenceless position would have ensured her safety.

Not thus with Warren Rody.

The son did not belie his father's nature.

Crookleg had become useful to him in his scheme. This hideous creature proved far more subservient and trustworthy than the defunct Red Wolf, for he was all obsequious obedience.

True, he sometimes glanced askance with an ugly look bent upon his young master, but the look vanished in a hideous grin whenever the latter turned towards him.

What dark mystery lay hidden in the negro's mind, no one white knew, but all, by a common impulse, gave way to him as he passed. Children ran shrieking, and hid their faces in their mother's aprons; the boys paused suddenly in their play as he hobbled by, while the old gossips of both sexes shook their heads and thought of the devil as he approached them!

He seemed only flattered by these signs of detestation, and chuckled with glee at the aversion he inspired.

The Indians, meanwhile, pursued their usual avocations.

The waters of Tampa Bay were dotted with their canoes. Troops of their children frolicked on the plateau, or plucked the wild flowers that grew along the sloping sides of the Nile.

The women of the tribe followed their domestic duties, and the whole scene around the wigwams was one of tranquil contentment.

The white settlers were not idle neither. The fields were swelling with crops which the planters had commenced to gather in. A goodly store of merchandize was collected upon the wharf, and several schooners had come to an anchor in the bay.

Peace and plenty abounded in the settlement.

But, as before the storm a small, dark cloud specks the bright sky, gathering as it grows, so was there a cloud, too small for human view, drifting over this peaceful scene which should carry death and destruction in its wake.

Slowly and surely was it coming!

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUBTERRANEAN SNARE.

A morning in the forest.

What beauty! What delight!

The wild flowers gemmed with dew—the quivering foliage vieing in color with the emerald sward—the vistas dreamily gray and endless—the air balmy—the light soft and grateful.

What a melody the birds make—a very paradise of sound!

What flashes of splendid blues, reds, and yellows, as they dart from branch to branch!

What a succession of novelties, and charms for eye and ear!

Thoughts like these filled the mind of an individual seen near the settlement on a lovely morning, a few days after the council held by Oluski with his warriors.

The individual in question was a woman. She was on horseback, and as she checked her steed to gaze upon the scene before her, she presented to view a face and form signally beautiful.

A frank, fearless, young face withal, of true maiden modesty. Her hair, in a rich golden shower of curls, fell over a forehead of snowy whiteness, and a neck and shoulders admirably rounded.

Her figure was graceful and striking; its contour shown off by the dark riding-dress she wore.

A hat, with a heron's plume, stuck saucily on one side, covered her head.

The horse she rode was a Seminole steed—of the Andalusian race—small, but well proportioned, as evidenced by the arching of its neck, proud of its fair burden.

She remained for some time silently feasting her senses with the lovely prospect, herself a charming addition to its interest.

After awhile she gave the rein to her horse, and allowed it, with a dainty, mincing step, to pick its way along the path, occasionally making a pretence of alarm, pricking up its ears, drawing its head one side, and doubly arching its pretty neck as some idle butterfly, or quick-winged hummingbird, darted across the road, or rose suddenly from a bed of wild flowers.

For a considerable distance the young lady proceeded without adventure or mischance, whilst her horse, having apparently exhausted all its little affected airs, stepped along with an even, rapid step.

The fair equestrian's thoughts had not, it seemed, undergone any change, for the same pleasant smile illumined her countenance.

Her thoughts were gay and happy, in unison with the surroundings.

In this mood was she proceeding on her journey.

Suddenly—indeed so suddenly as to cause her alarm—her steed came to a stop, showing signs of being scared.

His eyeballs were distended, his fore-feet planted stiffly in advance, his mane standing almost straight, while he trembled in every limb.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BURYING ALIVE IN INDIA.—Burying alive in India does not appear to be altogether an extinct crime. Lepers weary of life now resort to this means of getting out of the world. The Friend of India, in mentioning the matter, calls attention to the difficulty of preventing the practice. Vain are the threats of death, of imprisonment to those assisting at the ceremony; for, seeing that the offenders are lepers, death would in many cases be welcome, and they know that no prince would introduce them into his prisons. Therefore, the practice is unfortunately increasing. The list for six years contains no less than twelve cases.

☞ A cool suggestion—for the warm weather.—Attentive wife: "Dinner's ready, Charlie; come along, there's a dear, before it gets hot."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydnie Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

CURIOUS FEATS.

It would appear that the Chinese jugglers really do swallow swords, and that there is no deception in this and other of their feats. The sword, for instance, does not slide into itself. A famous French physician lately experimented upon a Chinese conjuror, who swallowed a sabre nearly three feet long, and permitted an examination of his body while the blade was in its living sheath. Dr. Fournie, such was the anatomist's name, and those who were with him, were thoroughly satisfied with the honesty of the operation. They traced the point along its downward course, and felt it in the iliac regions, thirty inches from the swallower's mouth. So we may set sword and poker swallowing down as genuine feats of gymnastics. Ling Look afterwards took an egg into his mouth, and appeared to swallow it. His gorge was searched, and his neck probed, but the egg could not be found. The Chinaman swallowed a puff of tobacco smoke, and the egg came forth again. There was much discussion as to how it was disposed of. Dr. Fournie thought that the act of swallowing was not completely performed; so, in a second experiment, he produced a laryngoscope and directed a powerful beam of magnesium light down the patient's throat, when, sure enough, the egg was discovered in a cavity or nest, which Ling Look had habituated himself by long practice to form, below the tongue, in the laryngean regions.

Our readers will remember the explanation of making a boy disappear from a basket placed on the earth. The boy opens the bottom of the basket, and digs his way like a mole beneath the earth, which has previously been dug to the requisite depth, and then filled in again. Afterwards, the boy makes his way out. What will not men learn to do for money?

Hydrophobia.

Henry Bergh, President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has transmitted to Mayor Hoffman a letter containing translations from the reports of foreign societies in relation to hydrophobia in dogs. Mr. Bergh says:—"Froussart and other naturalists affirm that it is the *males only* which are subject to *spontaneous* rabies, and recommend that this sex only be killed. The Veterinary School of Lyons assert that dogs are more liable to madness during the cold and wet months than during June, July and August." A vast number of modern physiologists declare that the muzzling of dogs only tends to produce the disease, and that it is no safeguard, because, if *mad*, the animal breaks the muzzle and bites, and that most of the cases occur in private houses where exercise is rigorously denied them. The French Secretary of the Board of Health of Paris, in a charming story, causes a muzzled dog to describe his sensations thus:—"In my organization nature has provided me with no other sudorific glands than those of my tongue; during the great heat of summer, touch my skin it is dry; look at my tongue and see the streams of sweat escaping. Muzzle me, and what is the result? You arrest the natural excretion of my body; you turn it inwards and it corrupts my blood, and propagates the very disease which you seek to prevent, and I bite in my delirium, those among others whom I love best." In Berlin, the muzzle has been discontinued. In Turkey, Egypt and Syria, madness is very rare, although, by reason of the Musselman's humanity, dogs are never killed. The question whether hydrophobia really exists, is a point upon which the doctors disagree. The public mind, however, is no doubt soothed with the belief that the muzzle acts as a safeguard in preventing a mad dog from biting, and the dog laws could not be repealed. The invention of a muzzle which would permit the dog to perspire freely through the mouth, and also restrain him from biting is a subject to which the friends of the dumb animals should direct their attention. [The wire-cage muzzle used in Philadelphia would seem to attain this object.—*Ed. of Post.*]

☞ VICTORIA AND TENNYSON.—An exchange says: "Nothing in the life of Queen Victoria gives us a prettier scene than her recent stroll with Alfred Tennyson along the sea-shore of the Isle of Wight discussing 'Enoch Arden' and criticising the moral tendency of that poem: at their feet the blue sea covered with flitting sails, above them a blue sky filled with sea-gulls, and around them hedges of rich hue and perfume, filled with chirping birds."

☞ A subscription paper was lately circulated with the following object in view: "We subscribe and pay the amount opposite our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same!"

Knowledge vs. Mind.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY DR. BUCKMAN.

It seems to be difficult for the teachers of youth to make a fair discrimination between knowledge and mind; at least their labors seem to be so directed as to force upon us the conviction that they believe the two to be synonymous. No opinion could be more erroneous; while mind is dependent upon the presence of knowledge for its existence, it does not follow that the acquisition of a great amount of knowledge will give the possessor a correspondingly comprehensive mind. The flowers and fruits are dependent upon the earth for an existence, yet the earth would exist for all time without producing a single plant, except the All-directing Hand gave it birth, with form and structure to perpetuate its existence.

The comprehensiveness of a mind is found in the facility with which it recalls the facts bearing upon a question, the readiness with which it keeps them in view, and the certainty with which it collates and considers all the facts that pertain to all the points under consideration.

Many persons are able to bring but few things before their mind at a time, hence form an imperfect judgment, erroneous in proportion to the inability to hold in sight the several or numerous influences governing the subject under consideration, while others grasp the whole readily, and rapidly draw unerring conclusions; these have comprehensive minds, the former have not.

Some persons seem to have very comprehensive minds, are full of facts, think readily, and form correct conclusions when alone—but are so readily influenced by the presence or force of others that they seem to have no mind at all—but vary and change with the views of every one they come in contact with. This fault is not in the mental condition, and arises from a neglect of the exercise of the judgment while the mind was being stored with the facts which were to be subsequently used in thinking.

As experience in the use of tools is the only way to make an accomplished mechanic, so experience in the use of thought is the only way to make an accomplished and rational thinker.

Understanding the nature of mind in this light, the teacher's office will be found not merely in conducting recitations, for the purpose of ascertaining that the task has been properly committed; any booby can learn a parrot to repeat words, a pig to count, or a puppy to perform gymnastic antics, but no originality of thought or action is thus induced, no self-reliance established, no independent individuality sustained, but all is copied from some one else who does the thinking; and so children who are thus taught at school, learn to depend upon some one else to do their thinking and their acting, so that when they attempt the duties of manhood they fail for the want of a practised self-reliance.

It should be the constant care of the teacher to first bring the child's mind to a full comprehension of the facts involved in the subject selected for recitation, and then to exercise its judgment upon the practical bearings those facts have upon each other. It is very difficult for most children to commit to memory any rule of arithmetic, and often still more difficult to make a practical application of it when committed, but in any case where they have been made to comprehend the principles involved, the practice of them will at once point out the rule, and the student will be as able to frame it as the author or teacher to give it—rules are in fact stumbling blocks to children, particularly where importance is attached to their being committed to memory; for in this the exercise of judgment is drawn away from principle to routine, and thought directed from its most healthy channels.

Again: In teaching, the subject placed before the pupil should not be above his easy comprehension. Our schools are too extensively running science to the neglect of the senses; perception must be attained before reflection can be brought to bear, facts must be learned before thought can be brought into action. Many of our teachers have their pupils in the scientific departments before they have learned to perceive or to observe correctly upon things of every day life; and our publishers are daily loading their shelves with books upon philosophy, chemistry, physiology, &c., for infant minds, that scarcely comprehend the proper application of the words they read, much less the thoughts expressed by the words.

This was well exemplified under my observation a few years ago while in the South, about the close of the war, in seeing some celebrated school book makers from the North, making a tour of the freedmens' schools to be enabled to write a *grammar* adapted to these pupils who had not yet begun to read; and whose comprehension of numbers was of the most indistinct character.

A superintendent of the district, desirous of exhibiting one of these schools for the entertainment of these learned visitors, took a class from the hands of an accomplished teacher, who at the time was earnestly endeavoring to convey to their minds a realizing sense of the result of adding one more to a pile of five or six beans upon the table before them; placing them in line before a blackboard, on which he had placed a column of figures, he proceeded to enlighten their minds with the remark "that in all arithmetical calculations it must be remembered that the basis of the system is unity." The amount of thought conveyed to these juvenile freedmen was no doubt tremendous—it was enough to overwhelm any thing but his own stupidity—and yet on going into almost any of our schools, remarks of similar quality may be heard daily, and the pupils blamed for their inattention and their dullness of apprehension.

Such language, however elegant and scientific it may be to the accomplished student, is but as so much Greek to the novice, and ought not to be tolerated in any teacher.

The duty of the instructor lies in developing the mind according to the capacity that belongs to its age and its experiences; and whenever too rapid an advance is made upon this, it is at the expense of the intellect of the pupil.

☞ Amos Lawrence, the distinguished Boston merchant, was an advocate of early marriages, but was strenuously opposed to any man marrying a fortune. Speaking of a desirable match for a friend, he said:—"My objection to her is, that she has a few thousand dollars in cash. This, however, might be remedied; for, after purchasing a house, the balance might be given to near connections, or to some public institution."

A TALE OF JAPAN.

BY JOHN QUILL.

Fanny Foo-Foo was a Japanese girl,
The child of the great Tycoon;
She wore her head bald, and her clothes were made
Half-petticoat, half-pantaloon;
Her face was the color of lemon peel
And the shape of a table spoon.

A handsome young Jap was Johnny Hi-hi,
And he wore paper muslin clothes;
His glossy black hair on the top of his head
In the form of a shoe-brush rose;
His eyes slanted downward as if some chap
Had savagely pulled his nose.

Fanny Foo-Foo loved Johnny Hi-hi,
And when, in the usual style,
He popped, she blushed such a deep orange tinge,
You'd have thought she'd too much bile,
If it hadn't been for her slant eyed glance
And her charming, wide-mouthed smile.

And oft in the bliss of their new-born love,
Did these little pagans stray
All around in spots, enjoying themselves
In a strictly Japanese way;
She howling a song to a one-stringed lute
On which she thought she could play.

Often he'd climb to a high ladder's top,
And quietly there repose,
As he stood on his head and fanned himself
While she balanced him on her nose.
Or else she would get in a pickle tub
And be kicked around on his toes.

Or Johnny would tie his legs round his neck,
And tumble and bounce and roll;
Or over a lot of very sharp swords
They'd both take a pleasant stroll;
Or hang by one leg to the upper end
Of quite a long bamboo pole.

When they were tired, on a telegraph wire
They sat themselves down to rest;
With an umbrella he balanced himself,
While he held her to his breast,
And her cream-colored scalp was fondly laid
Right on his calico vest.

The course of true love, even in Japan,
Often runs extremely rough,
And the fierce Tycoon, when he heard of this,
Used Japanese oaths so tough
That his courtiers' hair would have stood on end
If only they'd had enough.

So the Tycoon buckled on both his swords,
In his pistol placed a wad,
And went out to hunt for the truant pair,
With his nerves braced by a tod.
He found them enjoying their guileless selves
On top of the lightning rod.

Sternly he ordered the gentle Foo-Foo
To "come down out of that there!"
And he told Hi-Hi to go to a place—
I won't say precisely where.
Then he dragged off his child, whose spams evinced
Unusually wild despair.

But the Tycoon, alas! was badly fooled,
Despite his paternal pains,
For John, with a toothpick, let all the blood
Out of his jugular veins;
While a back somersault on to the floor
Battered out Foo-Foo's brains.

They buried them both in the Tycoon's lot,
Right under a dogwood tree,
Where they could list to the nightingale, and
The buzz of the bumble-bee;
And where the mosquito's sorrowful chant
Maddens the restless flea.

And often at night, when the Tycoon's wife
Slumbered as sound as a post,
His almond-shaped eye-balls looked on a sight
That scared him to death almost;
'Twas a bald-headed spectre, flitting about
With a paper muslin ghost!

The World of Wonder.

This world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at either extreme of creation. In the insect creation, particularly, there is so much to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels, without computation or number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of his statement. The polypus, it is said, like fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in the caterpillar. Hooke discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united. Leuwhenock, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than the grain of sand, and which spun threads so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

☞ The Army and Navy Journal very properly protests in a strong article against the circulation of unfounded and disgraceful charges against Generals Grant and Blair, which have been originated simply because these officers have been nominated for civil positions.

☞ There is a story of a doctor who went to settle in a village out West, and on the first night of his arrival was sent for to attend a sick child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this oracular opinion: "This hyar babe's got the small-pox; and I ain't posted up to pustules. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give the little cuss this draught. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me. I'm a stunner on fits."

☞ A gentleman of Boston, whose Christian name was the same as that of the younger Weller, while recovering from an attack of sickness, received a note from a friend, couched in the following laconic terms:—"Sam-u-el?" The reply came promptly in the same brief style: "Sam Weller."

Notes of an Elephant's Keeper.

If I had known as much about the nature of the brutes when I took charge of the elephant Tippoo Sultan as I do now, no money would have tempted me to go near the animal. It was many years ago, with the old Columbian Menagerie. I had been travelling but a few weeks, and was perfectly inexperienced in the business, having been hired as a canvas-man.

We were to show in Exeter, New Hampshire, on that day. The baggage-wagons had come through from the previous stand, and the cages were shortly expected, when Mr. Milus, one of the proprietors, drove furiously upon the ground where we were engaged in putting up the canvas, as the tent is called, and informed the men that the elephant was loose on the road, and had nearly killed his keeper. All hands at once piled into a couple of four-horse wagons, and taking whatever articles in the way of ropes, &c., that were likely to be useful, we started to capture the beast—stopping, by the way, at a hotel for a supply of pitchforks. A short distance out of town, we met the elephant's keeper, Ned Harkness, with his arm in a sling, on his way into the village.

Harkness had been Tippoo's keeper for five years, and every one supposed he had the animal under perfect subjection. It seemed that Harkness had been given a new horse to ride in place of the one he had been using, and Tippoo had appeared to conceive an antipathy to the animal from the first. He had acted very sulky and irritable all the way through, and at last, on being speared pretty sharply, had turned upon the keeper with all the fury imaginable. The horse shied, throwing Harkness into the ditch, dislocating his shoulder, and then ran away, pursued by the elephant, which almost immediately overtook and killed him. Tippoo then started in pursuit of Harkness, who had in the meantime taken to a dense wood, where he was enabled to elude him; but, failing to discover the man, returned to the carcass of the slain horse, and tore the lifeless body into fragments, after which he turned up a lane, and commenced browsing on some trees.

Just at that time Mr. Milus came along in his buggy, and seeing what had occurred, went back and stopped the cages. Then he came on to Exeter for assistance. As he passed the lane old Tippoo sallied out after him; but Milus had fast trotters harnessed in his buggy, and managed to keep well ahead, cautioning everybody he met or overtook to clear the road, and give the elephant a wide berth. After following Mr. Milus two or three miles, the elephant became blown, and turned into a field in which there was a small grove, and lay down to rest, while Mr. Milus came on to Exeter.

Mr. Milus wished Harkness to return with us, and undertake the subjugation of the animal; but he peremptorily refused to have anything more to do with him. He said that he had been Tippoo's master for five years, and so long as he was his master it was all right. But the elephant had got the best of him on this occasion, and would never forget it; and though he might submit himself temporarily to him, he would be liable to turn upon him again at any moment. In short, if he took him in charge again, the animal would be almost certain to kill him, sooner or later, and he would run no such risk. He said a new keeper, however, would have no such disadvantages to contend against, and once subdued, the elephant might go on for years without giving any further trouble.

Finding that Harkness was determined in his purpose, we went on without him, and soon came in sight of the huge brute, who stood in the field, a short distance from the road, ploughing up the earth with his tusks, throwing clouds of dirt in the air, and occasionally trumpeting in a most ferocious manner. His small eyes appeared blood-red, and shone like coals of fire; his enormous ears were flapping wickedly, and he swayed his vast body to and fro with an impatient, surging motion, as if he was undecided whether to make a charge upon us or not. A colossal, angry monster, he presented a fearful sight to look upon, and was in reality as dangerous as his appearance was terrible.

Now a council of war was held in relation to the best means of bringing old Tippoo under subjection. The first thing to be done was to select a new keeper; and I felt exceedingly elated when Mr. Milus offered me the new position. Knowing nothing at all in regard to the disposition of elephants, inexperienced and foolhardy, I had no idea of the danger attending the situation, and it was probably for this very reason that Mr. Milus pitched upon me to fill it. Indeed, I was about to advance on the enemy single-handed, when I was checked, and informed that it would be time enough for me to assume authority over the animal when he should be subdued.

I afterward learned that an elephant that has been rebellious, when he acknowledges himself conquered, will quietly accept whoever takes him in charge at the time as his keeper, but will allow no one else to assume any authority over him. Therefore, it was necessary to have a person ready to assume control over him the moment that the animal was brought to reason.

The first thing done was to turn our horses' heads toward the village, so as to be in readiness for a retreat, should one become necessary. Then we separated into several parties, which approached the elephant from different points, so as to attract his attention. Tippoo started several times with hostile demonstrations toward one or other of these parties, who at once retreated; but, after following them a short distance, gave up the pursuit, and returned to the spot where we first discovered him. After a while he ceased to notice them, unless they came very near to him. Then we took a long guy-rope, and, stationing several men at either end, they began to walk round him from opposite directions, hoping to entangle his feet with the rope. But Tippoo was too wary for us, and, as soon as the rope touched his feet, very quietly stepped over it, completely baffling our intentions.

Finally Mr. Milus proposed a plan which worked successfully. There were some large trees standing near the elephant, and we succeeded in driving him still closer to them. Then we rolled the flag-halyards, that we used on one of the centre-poles of the tent, into a ball, and making one end fast to the guy-rope, rolled it under the elephant between his fore and hind legs, so that a party on the other side could draw the rope under the animal without touching him. This done, the rope was raised suddenly and carried back, catching the animal just above the knees of the hind legs (an elephant has knees on all four legs,) and he at once commenced backing until he brought up against one of the trees, when the men, with great rapidity, commenced running in a circle, and soon had his hind legs lashed fast to the tree. As the men came round with the rope, Tippoo stepped over it with his fore legs, which aided the successful execution of the manœuvre.

After the animal was made fast to the tree, it was an easy matter to get ropes around his fore legs, and we soon had his tusks lashed down to them, so that he could scarcely move his head at all, and then he was at our mercy. Now the battle commenced in earnest; the men assailed him from every side with pitchforks, sticks, and whatever other weapons they were able to lay their hands on.

The huge beast groaned and struggled frightfully; but he was too securely hampered to do any mischief, and we punished him unmercifully. For over an hour—it seemed like an age—we worked at the old fellow, who heaved and strained in his efforts to get loose, until it seemed as if he would certainly burst his fastenings asunder, while the blood flowed in a dozen streams from the wounds inflicted upon him, and still he showed no signs of submission.

At last, after an unusually vigorous onslaught, Tippoo suddenly ceased his efforts to break loose, cast his eye piteously around the circle of his tormentors, and commenced bellowing and whistling through his trunk in a manner which expressed his desire to make an unconditional surrender as plainly as words could have done. By Mr. Milus's directions we instantly discontinued the attack; and I at once loosened his fastenings and set him free. After a few hurried instructions from Mr. Milus, I started the elephant toward the town, having been furnished with the hook and spear used for directing the animal's movements, and he obeyed me as readily as if he had been under my care for years. Arrived on the ground, I chained him by the foot to a large stake driven in the earth for the purpose. I gave him a bountiful feed, and, by way of compensation for the punishment he had undergone, a bottle of rum to solace his griefs, all of which attentions he accepted in the most amicable and dignified manner imaginable.

As soon as Tippoo was comfortably cared for, Mr. Milus took me on one side and gave me full instructions in regard to the proper treatment of the animal, with directions as to his feed and general care. He informed me that my only safety consisted in keeping the creature afraid of me, and that I must meet the slightest symptom of disobedience with prompt and severe punishment. He told me that the stories about the affection of an elephant for his keeper were all stuff—that he could be ruled by fear alone. He taught me a variety of outlandish words, probably of East India origin, that were used as words of command, and which all elephants appeared to understand; and on practising their effect, I found that they appeared to be quite intelligible to my charge.

After Tippoo was sufficiently rested, I practised him in lying down and getting up, and a few simple tricks that he had been taught, Mr. Milus standing by and prompting me from from time to time as his suggestions were required. The next day I took him before the audience, and he went through his performances to the great satisfaction of the managers, who complimented me highly upon the progress that I had made. The next day we travelled as usual, and Mr. Milus drove along just ahead of me, in case that I should require any further instructions; but the precaution was needless, as Tippoo and myself had come to a perfect understanding, and I found no difficulty in making him comprehend and obey all my wishes. After this the managers were satisfied that I could control the animal, and left him entirely in my charge, and we travelled a long time without anything happening that would be worth the telling.

How a Mining Agent Got Rich.

Mark Twain, in a letter to the Chicago Tribune, from Nevada, relates the following:

"An acquaintance of mine shook hands with me in such a very patronizing manner, yesterday, that I am moved to make him the text of a paragraph that will serve to illustrate what one may term 'a state of things.' When I first knew this man he hadn't a cent. He did not put on airs then. Now he is a superintendent of one of the great silver mines, and he has grown rich. You may not believe that a superintendent can grow absolutely rich in four years on a salary of from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year, but such is really the case. Ordinary superintendents are content to covertly receive a present of a dollar or so for each ton of ore they sell to a mill-man; but my man's ambition soared higher than that. He took lumber belonging to the great corporation that employed him, and built a little mill of his own with it. He built that mill below the company's mill, too, which was wise. Then he took other of the company's lumber, and built a string of sluice-boxes that reached clear from the company's mill to his own. After that he worked the company's rock in the company's mill, and got sixteen dollars a ton out of it—and turned the money over to the company—which didn't declare a dividend. Then he took the trailings from that same rock, carried them through his sluices to his little private mill, worked them over again, and out of every ton he got thirty dollars! Which money was his own, of course, and he never gave any of it to the company. Now you can understand how a man can get rich in four years, on twelve thousand dollars a year, when the company furnishes him a dwelling-house and horses and carriages free."

☞ Prince Napoleon, who promises to rival Daniel Pratt, the great American traveller, in the extent of his journeyings, said a good thing at Prague the other day. One of the principal residents of that city is a certain Dr. N——, well known for his eccentricity. The doctor headed a deputation to the Prince Napoleon on his recent visit, and commenced his harangue by saying: "I had rather address your Imperial Highness in bad French than in good German, and I wish you to understand that I am not here merely for the sake of saying I have spoken to Prince Napoleon." Here the Prince interrupted him by saying, laughingly: "I understand perfectly; you have had the kindness to come here in order that I might have the honor of saying I have spoken to Dr. N——!"

☞ A countryman, walking along the streets of New York, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of lumber. "What is that for?" said he, to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the cholera," "Ah, I have often heard of the board of health, but I never saw one before."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Crops.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a report of the condition of the crops in July.

Corn—The most remarkable fact in connection with the corn crop of the present year is the great increase of its acreage in the South, the difference in the number of acres between the present and the preceding year being more than two millions and a half. A slight decrease is apparent in the Eastern seaboard states, resulting from the unpropitious character of the recent cold, wet and backward spring, which sadly interfered with planting.

A careful estimate of the average shows a decrease of 49,600 acres in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Maryland, and an increase of 3,108,225 acres in the other states. The figures show an increase of over 3,000,000 of acres in corn; making about 36,000,000 in the United States, an advance of nine per cent. The per centage of Louisiana reaches 65; that of Arkansas, 47; Kansas, 30; Mississippi, 25; Nebraska, 25; Missouri, 22; Texas, 18; Minnesota, 17; Iowa, 18; Illinois and Ohio 3, and Indiana 4.

The drought in the South has retarded somewhat the growth of corn, but its condition in that section is generally good. In the West the average is high, with the exception of Ohio and Indiana, where the weather has been somewhat unpropitious and storms destructive. In the East the last of June the growth was small, but the hot weather of July has brought a large portion of the crop in splendid condition.

Wheat—The condition of wheat, as shown in the July returns, is above the average for the last year in all the states except Vermont, Connecticut, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and Nebraska. The season has been peculiarly favorable to the growth and ripening of this great bread crop in all except the Southern states.

Cotton—Returns from the cotton districts indicate every where a reduction of the acreage in that crop, with the exception of Texas, which shows an increase of 33 per cent. over last year, and Alabama, where there appears to be no material change in the figures. The falling off in Mississippi appears to be 18 per cent., 24 in Louisiana, 12 in Georgia, 13 in Arkansas, 18 in South Carolina, 20 in Tennessee and 32 in North Carolina. The average reduction in acreage is about 10 per cent. With this diminished breadth there is cleaner and better culture, and a more general use of fertilizers. So that the yield may be quite equal to last year, the season being equally favorable. With a like experience as to insects and other causes of injury, one county in Arkansas, Desha, reports less than a third of the acreage of last year, while the area in corn is three times as large, and such indications are hopeful.

The correspondent, as might be expected, declares that the crops are all in splendid condition, and if not injured by a drought, the finest yield for many years will be the result. A want of rain has been apparent in the Gulf states, and a severe drought has afflicted Western Tennessee, but few complaints of its effect upon cotton are made. So far the plant enjoys a very general exemption from casualties and injuries.

Rye, oats and barley promise abundant crops. No serious drawbacks are reported, and few complaints of bad condition are received.

Potatoes, so exceptionally unproductive last year, are in unusually fine condition, and the average is increased in every state except Rhode Island, the natural result of extremely high prices of last year's crop.

Fruit is variable, apples and peaches less promising than usual. Vermont, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia make a worse record than other states as to apples. Peaches will be less abundant than apples, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware promising but half a crop, and Illinois and Michigan showing a considerable reduction. A fair promise of grapes is indicated.

Tobacco covers as large an area as usual in Virginia, Kentucky, and Connecticut; somewhat less in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Its condition is good in Kentucky and Michigan. Elsewhere a little below an average.

Sorghum is generally doing well in the West, but not so well as usual in the middle belt of Southern states.

Georgia.—The Georgia Legislature has elected Joshua Hill and H. V. Miller to the U. S. Senate. Both are said to be Democrats. (Doubtful.) The following resolution was passed by a large majority:

In as much as the vital questions heretofore dividing the members composing this branch of the General Assembly have been settled,

Resolved, That we, like men having the interest of the state at heart, will bury party prejudice, and go forward to perfect the enactment of such laws as will establish peace and harmony among the people of the state.

Alabama.—The Alabama Legislature is discussing the bills to suppress the Ku-Klux, and prohibit distinction in public conveyances on account of color.

—State elections will be held in Kentucky on August 3rd; in Tennessee on August 13th; in Vermont on September 1st; in California on September 8th; in Maine on September 14th.

—London has been suffering from unexampled heat for that latitude. The thermometer in one place in that city reached 91 degrees recently.

—There are 276 allopathic physicians in Boston; about one-fourth as many homœopathists; sixty female physicians, and about 200 electics, botanic, magnetic, &c.

—The Georgia Senate has resolved that its proceedings shall be kept secret.

—A young woman in Chicago has successfully prosecuted a rejected admirer as a nuisance. His offence consisted in his teaching half a dozen parrots to screach out in chorus, "Homely Polly, homely Polly, Polly lives across the street."

—The President has proclaimed the ratification of the Naturalization Treaty with Prussia.

—Notice has been given in the Louisiana Legislature of a bill to authorize the Legislature to elect Presidential Electors.

—One Downer, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who was in the constant habit of beating his wife, was recently set upon by the women in the neighborhood, while he was engaged in his favorite amusement, and treated to a terrible drubbing. He promised better behavior in the future.

—A fire at Oil City, Pennsylvania, on July 31st, destroyed 200 houses. The oil interest suffered little. The loss is estimated at $150,000.

—A Paris eccentric advertised that he was gouty, of a violent temper and terribly quarrelsome, but that he would settle $20,000 a year on a young and handsome wife. He received forty-six applications and is now married.

—A lad was killed in Newark on Sunday while performing the foolish feat of jumping from a schooner's mast into the water, 70 feet. He lost control of himself and struck the water flat upon his breast.

—A train on the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central Railroad recently ran 188 miles in 4 hours and 12 minutes, which is equivalent to 45 miles per hour. This is the fastest time ever made on a Western road.

—Both the Tariff Bills failed to pass Congress—as did also Mr. Bingham's Provisional Government bill for the three unreconstructed states, and the bill distributing arms to the states.

—In Michigan recently thirty-five men went into a harvest field to cut grain. About ten A. M. no less than sixteen of them had been sun struck, the majority of whom died under the exposure. Such an instance of wholesale casualty has hardly a parallel in the history of this country.

—Marcus Tourtellotte, of Springfield, Mass., in order to compel the colored Methodist church in Loring street to sell its premises, has built a fence around the church as high as the eaves, only eighteen inches distant on one side and about a yard on the other. To render it still more offensive, the fence is painted black on the side next the church. The church is, of course, rendered dark in the midst of day, and the heat on hot Sabbaths is absolutely stifling. The reason assigned for this persecution is that the people are noisy.

Hayti.—Salnave has proclaimed himself Emperor of Hayti. On Sunday, July 5, processions of the lower classes paraded the streets of Port-au-Prince, shouting, "Vive l'Empereur! Vive Salnave!" Five insurgent leaders from the vicinity of Leogoane were shot without trial on the afternoon of the 6th.

FOR YOU.

A thought! a thought! for the rosy morn,
That comes thro' the gates of dew!
But I'll keep a kinder, happier thought
For twilight and for you.

A word! a word! for the humming bird,
A-tilt on the jessamine new!
Will my lip let slip, but my heart will keep
Its softest words for you.

A song! a song! for the mocking bird,
In answer to his so true!
But you know right well I will always keep
My sweetest songs for you.

A kiss! a kiss! for the sweet red rose,
And one for the violet blue!
But standing here at the garden gate
I'll keep back one for you.

A sigh! a sigh! for my pale white rose,
That the chilling night wind slew!
But I answer you when the lilies say—
I am sighing most for you!

Extravagance.

There is a form of extravagance which is vicious; but, as a rule, the acts to which that word is usually applied are either indifferent or actually praiseworthy, being the results of mere idiosyncracy, of that individuality of judgment, which it ought to be the object to encourage; or, at worst, of a wilfulness not worthy of blame. The most common form of all extravagances—indifference to petty outlays—is very often as right as if it were the result of wise and deliberate judgment. Up to a certain point, care about such expenditure cramps and worries the mind—causes in actual loss of money more wastes than it saves. Sixpences smooth life; to the nervous organizations bred in our cities life needs smoothing. Nobody is ever ruined in candle ends, and the effort to keep them only insures a discontented, and, therefore, a spasmodically expensive household. No form of wastefulness strikes some men—and some liberal men—so much as wastefulness in carriage hire, in petty gifts, in minute purchases; and no income seems to exempt those who practise it from the charge of extravagance. Nevertheless, it is often quite certain that a waste of a dollar a day—$300 a year—will increase a man's power of making the best of himself, of earning, if it is to be put in that way, more than twice the sum expended in things yielding a visible return. It is right to save temper, even at the expense of cash. There are degrees in all things; but we suspect that the professional class, in their habitual extravagance in sixpences, are wiser than the trading class, who so often condemn them for that disregard. One of the commonest forms of extravagance—building—is often a direct moral and intellectual benefit to the amateur, gratifying a healthy passion of constructiveness, which, ungratified, would exhibit itself in the search for much more dangerous excitements. Book buying, picture buying, gem or toy buying, are defensible on the same grounds, as at worst blameless amusements; and it will rarely be found, we think, that man with any special extravagance of that sort come to much pecuniary grief. On the contrary, they as often acquire the habit of thrift and regularity in pecuniary matters in order to gratify the exceptional taste. "Collectors," for example, even if it be of old china, are very rarely ruined. Other men again—and this is a very frequent case—get a reputation for extravagance by a habit decidedly wise—that of concentrating wastefulness—of making presents, or buying toys, for example, very seldom; but, when they give or buy, securing things really worth the money. The woman who saves in "chiffons" what will buy lace or diamonds, is the very reverse of extravagant, though she is certain to be so considered by persons to whom daily extravagance in smaller things would seem quite unobjectionable.

☞ An attendant at the South Boston Hospital for the insane reports a recent conversation between two patients. They had entered into an argument relating to the difference between riding a horse and a hobby, one contending that there was none. The other replied that there certainly was; and upon being called upon to define, said: "Those who ride a horse can stop and get off whenever they feel like it, but those who ride a hobby find it impossible to do so."

☞ Bachelors at a Discount.—The Spartan women, at certain games, laid hold of all the old bachelors they could get their hands on, and inflicted on them every mark of infamy and disgrace, dragging them around their altars and handling them very roughly. In 1695, the English Parliament laid a tax on the bachelors over twenty-five years of age of £12, and ten shillings for a duke, which was graduated down to one shilling for a common man.

Burnett's Cocoaine has received universal endorsement. No other preparation possesses such remarkable properties for embellishing and strengthening the hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. It cures baldness and eradicates dandruff. It has stood the test of time and competition.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-Killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Douloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

The Bowen Microscope,
Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 Cents. Three *for* $1.00.
Address F. P. BOWEN,
Box 250, Boston, Mass.
je27-tf

"It Works like a Charm."
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!
Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.
William Renne sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.
For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.
The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those brown discolorations on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.
☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

One Ounce of Gold will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

The justly celebrated remedy, advertised in another column, is one of the standard remedies that has stood the test for nearly a quarter of a century, while its popularity is being continually increased. Unlike quack medicines that run for a brief period and are forgotten, this one maintains its standing, while its curative powers are unsurpassed.

Fluid Extract of Buchu has for ages past been a standard remedy, and been used in the preparation of many valuable medicines. Physicians now almost universally prescribe Helmbold's preparation, on account of its purity and its excellent properties, which are not found in the common fluid extracts.—*Daily Herald, Boston, Mass.*

Holloway's Pills.—When the strength and spirits are broken, every internal function disordered, the stomach torpid and relaxed, this wonderful medicine accomplishes its miracles, rescuing the sick from the shadow of impending death.

Diseases of the Skin are speedily eradicated by Russia Salve, the best known remedy for cuts, burns, scalds, felons, salt rheum, boils, &c. Sold everywhere. By mail, 35 cents. Redding & Co., Proprietors, Boston, Mass. Its excellence as an ointment is proverbial, after a half century's test.

We should not suffer from a cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it. aug8-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. John H. Conway to Mrs. Mary H. Mason, both of this city.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr. William Tufts to Miss Jennie Winchester, both of this city.

On the 27th of July, by the Rev. N. M. Jones, Mr. Archibald Nimmo to Miss Sallie Lee, both of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. J. Dickerson, Mr. Fred. P. Simon to Miss Mary A. Miles, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec., 1867, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. Aryah J. Anderson to Miss Mary J. Kugler, daughter of the late Jacob Kugler, both of this city.

On the 26th of July, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. Hermann V. Hetzel to Miss Emma A. Fisher, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of July, Elizabeth Lentz, in her 80th year.

On the 28th of July, Mr. John Harkness, in his 32d year.

On the 27th of July, Margaret Feaster, in her 87th year.

On the 27th of July, James H. Pintard, in his 84th year.

On the 27th of July, at Cape Island, N. J., Captain Robert Kirby, aged 56 years.

On the 25th of July, Mrs. Sarah Ann, wife of Chas. Little, Sr., in her 42d year.

On the 26th of July, Matilda, wife of Robert Curry, aged 38 years.

On the 25th of July, Mrs. Ann P., widow of the late Thos. P. Ridgway, in her 66th year.

On the 25th of July, Caroline M. Kennedy, in her 49th year.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from 9@10 cts ℔ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 60 ℔ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5@6 cts ℔ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

DREAMS IN THE INVALIDES.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

I.

Long had Napoleon slept afar in his Atlantic grave,
His tomb the isle, his vault the sky that met the circling wave,
The willow shivered in the wind, the sea-bird wheeled and screamed
Above that last lone bivouac where the conqueror lay and dreamed—
There were none to feel the sweep
Of the thoughts that thronged his sleep,
Save the spirits of the tempest or the genii of the deep.

II.

Then said the King so politic who wore the Bourbon's crown,
"'Twere well to lend our quiet reign some gilding of renown:
That name so terrible to kings shall work a peaceful spell:
Go, bring the hero back to France, 'twill please the people well!"
So they bore him o'er the main
To his capital again
Which had throbbed with all the triumphs and misfortunes of his reign.

III.

They buried him beneath the dome that roofs the warriors gray,
Who, in their youth, still followed where his eagles led the way;
All day battalions by the walls with drum and banner go,
The ancient sentries doze above, the Emperor dreams below—
And, responding to the sweep
Of the thoughts that throng his sleep,
The troubled nation heaves as to the hurricane the deep.

IV.

His dreams are of his destiny, its splendors and its gloom,
His fateful past, his purposes, how baffled and by whom;
Souls which have struck such earth-fast roots, borne such earth-shadowing sway,
Departed, still impress their will, nor wholly pass away.
As his visions come and go,
Some of glory, some of woe,
Electric through the heart of France the martial currents flow.

V.

"I hear the sounds that greeted me when I from Egypt came,
Applauding Paris echoes back the army's wild acclaim,
'Victorious leader of the host, 'tis thou shalt rule the State.
The Conqueror of Italy shall fill the Consulate!'
And yet louder rolls the strain
As from red Marengo's plain
I step to loftier empire o'er the Austrian heaps of slain.

VI.

How long shall this tame monarchy my warlike realm disgrace?"
Dark was that dream and ominous to Bourbon's fated race!
Swift insurrection drives them forth as whirlwinds chase the leaf,—
Again a French Republic hails a Bonaparte its chief.
Nor ends resemblance there—
He gains the Imperial chair
With all its heritage of war, dark policy and care.

VII.

"Chill is the vision rising now, of endless fields of snow,
All dark the sky save in the east the burning city's glow,
The sleepless Cossack in their rear, in front the wintry flood,
My legions sow the waste with dead, and trace their paths in blood.
—'Twas the crumbling of my might,
—'Twas the gathering of my night,
A debt of ruin mindful France still owes the Muscovite."

VIII.

Not long the Second Empire waits unanswering to the Dead—
"Let Moscow's dark misfortune be with glory overspread!
The light of Friedland's victory upon our standard sits—
We saw their horsemen's backplates flash the sun of Austerlitz!
There are triumphs yet in store
On that distant Eastern shore
Where, with the mighty Sea-Power leagued, we'll beard the Czar once more."

IX.

Green are the hills and gray the cliffs that rise by Alma's flow
Where, like a belt of fir, the Russ awaits the triple foe,
The cliffs' pale walls are swarming with the voltigeurs of France—
Up the green slopes that volley death the red-clad men advance—
And the Russians slow give back,
Like the bears before the pack,
Till from the seaward flank, the Turk discerns their flying track.

X.

Onwards, her towers all bright against the Euxine's azure roll,
The leaguering armies downward look on doomed Sebastopol;
Their camps are whitening all the hills, their fleets cloud all the deep,
Close the brown trenches undulate with fiery, fatal sweep,
Till aloft in thunder fly
Fort and battery to the sky,
And Russia's pride and France's hate amid the ruins lie.

XI.

"Thorn of my grave, ill friend, fast foe, false Austria breaks my rest!
Austria, so prompt to parley with my foot upon her breast!
So quick to rise, forget, new-plot, and deal a treacherous thrust!—
Shall France forgive such perfidy, forego revenge so just?
'Twas my faithless Austrian bride
In misfortune left my side:
Poor Josephine had clung to me, with me had captive died!"

XII.

France bows before his will, like corn that feels the unseen blast—
Down Alp and Apennine to the Po her troops are pouring fast,
Pale Milan hears the cannon on Ticino's frontier banks—
Brightens, as past her walls retreat her tyrants' broken ranks—
Then all her bells ring clear
And all her people cheer,
As follows on the Austrian tracks Guard, Zouave, and Cuirassier.

XIII.

Eastward they march, and round them lie their fathers' fields of fame,
Whence seems to come *his* voice who gave those fields historic name,
Castiglione cheers them, and Lonato bids them hail,
From Medole and Arcola come greetings on the gale;
Low down, where Mantau lies,
The notes of triumph rise,
And Rivoli, from yonder hills, in trumpet tone replies.

XIV.

A hill-tower looks o'er Lombardy 'mid cypresses and vines,
Where far to right, and far to left, extend the embattled lines,
Among the hills King Victor fights, by Garda's lake of blue,
Around the tower, along the plain, the French the charge renew,
Still the foe that ground maintains,
Crimson with slaughter-stains,
Such as in all the centuries have tinged the Italian plains.

XV.

White on the hill lie Austrian dead, blue heaps below them lie;
Still ring the shot, the cannon still from hill to hill reply,
Fresh troops round Solferino sweep, fresh columns crowd the ground
And upward press, till Austria sees the lofty stronghold crowned—
Then her ranks dissolve like snow,
And, in wild tumultuous flow,
Leave the fair province, regal prize, to her Sardinian foe.

XVI.

"What sounds of battle break my sleep? No dream of conflict past!
For empire, on Sadova's field, contend those armies vast:
When in such stake, had France no part?—
Not doubtful whose the prize,
A victor drives with swift pursuit a foe that hopeless flies,
And the nations loud proclaim
Prussia the first in fame!
She whom I broke with single stroke, scarce left her even a name!

XVII.

She who, when vengeance burst in France, the deepest hate could boast!
Who eager chased from my last field the wrecks of my last host!
Shall France such rival brook?"
Response she makes in accents loud.
The furnace flames, the arsenal rings, to camp the conscripts crowd.
Arm bared and weapon bright,
She resolute courts the fight,
And shows the daring challenger how terrible her might.

XVIII.

France brooks no rival! Rather than in jealous doubt remain,
She will unchain the earthquake, and let loose the hurricane.
Europe awaits the strife that shall the ancient grief renew—
Will victory soothe that angry Shade, and blot out Waterloo?
Or across his troubled sleep
Will dreams as ominous sweep
Of his great enemy who sits enthroned amidst the deep? H.

Three Deep.

Lest the following story should seem too absurd I beg to state that it is substantially true. The hero was once well-known to me, and I never heard any harm of him, except that, as he pathetically expressed it, "he didn't know his own mind." He flitted from flower to flower in the "rose-bud garden of girls," like a well-disposed but exceedingly light-headed butterfly. Whether there is fascination in such fickleness; I am not prepared to say; but Frederick Pardoe was acknowledged by the fair sex to be "a remarkably agreeable man."

He had a pair of "deep, unutterable eyes," which, according to Dr. Holmes's theory, may have descended to him from some great aunt, who possessed a superior nature, but had bequeathed to her nephew only the empty eyes, with the meaning left out. Certain it is, there were sentiments sleeping in those magnificent orbs of his which he knew nothing about, and could not have understood after the most minute explanation.

I introduce him to the reader at a large party, under the full blaze of a chandelier. He brought the sweet Adelaide Blythe in his carriage; but is now as forgetful of that young lady as if she had been quenched under an extinguisher. She sits in a corner weaving her vexation into radiant smiles, while she watches him hovering near her friend, Miss Fontleroy.

"If his attention to me had not been so very pointed, I might think—; but no, I will not, cannot doubt him!"

The elegant Miss Fontleroy sings:

"New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

Mr. Pardoe turned the leaves, and looked unutterable things. Yes, young love's dream was deliciously sweet; he had found it so with this peculiarity—he had never had any definite object for his dreams. He had worshipped particular stars, but they had all had their time to set. He was beginning to think the lady of his love must surely be an "impossible she," since she took as many forms as Proteus himself.

"Miss Fontleroy," said he, breaking the spell of silence by plucking a sprig of cedar from a neighboring vase and presenting it, "you know the language of this:

'The memory of this shall be
As lasting as the cedar tree.'"

Miss Fontleroy gracefully accepted the gift. Their eyes met. Such a heart beam as shone in Frederick's!

"I will doubt him no more," thought the proud May. "His conduct may at times seem a trifle capricious, but he is truth itself. I will never be jealous again, and of such a girl as little Addie Blythe!"

"Pon honor, now, I would give a pretty penny if I knew my own mind!"

Men have had larger minds than his, and have known them thoroughly. It looks reasonable, therefore, that it was not the size of Mr. Pardoe's intellect which stood in the way of his becoming acquainted with it. Neither its profundity.

Judging the future by the past, it did not seem probable that his very diffuse affections would ever come to a focus. His heart was a little like his Cousin Sarah's eyes; and they were serviceable enough till she tried to thread a needle, and then she found she was what the country people call "scatter sighted;" she could see everything else but the needle and thread.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

These words sang themselves over again to four persons at least; for there was a third young lady at Mrs. Pulsifer's party that night who had, or thought she had, a right to palpitation of the heart when Mr. Pardoe pressed her hand. Had he not told her that "for several virtues he had liked several women, but she so perfect and so peerless, etc., etc."

And a man who "knew his own mind" could not have quoted Shakspeare more aptly, for Jane Liscom was a rare woman, with only the one fault of sentimentalism. It was a marvel that the shallow Pardoe could appreciate her, a greater marvel still that Jane should have looked on him with favor. I shall not try to account for it. We all know what little god was born blind.

In the midst of his conversation with the queenly Miss Fontleroy, Mr. Pardoe's "errant eyes" wandered across the room to Miss Liscom's.

"Noble woman!" thought he, "wrapped in the majesty of her own thoughts! She is not a beauty, but how do I know she is not the second self I am seeking? I really must go over and speak to her."

Miss Liscom met him with frank cordiality and a certain blushing consciousness. Why not? She was almost betrothed to him. Such was the glamor this man had thrown around her, that she actually supposed his fate rested in her hands, and that she was waiting to know her own heart better before giving him a final answer. He greeted her rapturously, smiled upon her tenderly. She looked into his eyes and thought she was gazing down, down, a thousand fathoms; whereas it was probably about the sixteenth of an inch, and no more. But fate had designs on our hero this evening, and meant to push him to extremities.

"My dear Miss Liscom," said he, in low, soft tones, which, like his eyes, never meant what they expressed; "my dear Miss Liscom, you remember the promise you made me last week?"

He only intended to remind her to give him a copy of one of her poems, but she mistook his meaning.

"Mr. Pardoe, I—I—you know it was only conditional. I said I would look into my—my—heart."

Mr. Pardoe was visibly startled. He now remembered distinctly that a few evenings before this he had unintentionally carried compliment to the very verge of a declaration.

"Good Heavens!" thought the discomfitted swain, "can't I speak to a woman without committing myself?" But he added aloud:

"Charming girl, pardon my importunity. I promise never, never to allude to the subject until you give me leave."

"That ought to settle it," thought Mr. Pardoe; "of course she won't take any steps toward marrying me till she hears from me again!"

Still his conscience was not easy. He hurried away from Miss Liscom only to meet fresh danger in the guise of Adelaide Blythe. That curly-haired nymph was looking at her gossamer robe in dismay. Some careless foot had mistaken it for a spider's web and nearly demolished it.

"Oh, Frederick!" said the pretty creature, looking into his face confidingly, at the same time laying her little hand on his arm, "do take me away out of these rooms, and then go call May Fontleroy to help me. I'm such a figure! Do, dear Frederick, be quick!"

"Dear Frederick" felt himself seized and possessed. Here was another woman who certainly laid claim to him. Perhaps she had a right, he really could not tell. He was always more or less in love with such affectionate little souls as Adelaide; if he had committed himself in that quarter he was very sorry. Just at this moment, however, the question was of torn dresses, not lacerated affections. He conducted Addie upstairs to the dressing-room; then he must find May Fontleroy and a paper of pins.

"What a helpless baby she is!" was Miss Fontleroy's mental comment, as she swept sylph-like, across the parlors, leaning on Mr. Pardoe's arm. They passed Miss Liscom.

"Come with me, Jane," said May, playfully. "I need your help in arranging a tableau."

The young lady took May at her word, and followed. Mr. Pardoe offered his left arm.

"Pity I hadn't three arms for all these girls," thought the poor victim, with a suppressed groan. "I've heard of a man's being placed between two fires; but—hang it!—here are three!"

Not a word spake Frederick, as they wound their slow way up-stairs; but his thoughts were legion.

"If I do get home alive, I'll treat myself to a dose of prussic acid! Verdict: 'Found, the body of a tender youth, a victim to his own fascinations. Justifiable suicide. Fickle young men, go and do likewise.'"

"Mr. Pardoe, you are certainly ill," said his literary lady-love, seeing with the quick eye of affection that something was wrong. "Your face is frightfully pale."

"Is it faintness?" inquired the other lady-love on the right, with tender emphasis.

"My dear May—I mean, dear *me*—no, girls, no!"

"Giddiness?" pursued the sylph.

"Oh, yes—oh, no. There is something whirling; but I—I—believe it is not my head."

"He has had a fright," thought the lady on the left, jumping at a conclusion; "the house is on fire—he hopes to get us out with our things on before the alarm is given."

"I do trust it is not wine," thought the lady on the right, "deeply as we are both attached, I *must* dismiss him if he drinks!"

Meanwhile, the moisture on Mr. Pardoe's forehead was increasing to such an extent that he longed for the ability to get possession of his pocket-handkerchief.

"Three women laying hold of one man! I can't stand this! I must put an end to it; but suicide is—is—; and I owe a duty to my mother; I must live for her sake."

"Mr. Pardoe!" cried May, in piercing tones, "you stagger, you're certainly faint."

"Where did the flames originate? Don't be afraid to tell us," exclaimed Jane, holding fast to her wild fancy of fire.

"The flames? More than one flame! Yes! I fear you are right. More than one flame! And my heart without any insurance!"

What did he mean? Where were his wits? His fair companions were stricken with a new fear. This was sudden insanity. They exchanged meaning glances.

"Miserable me! I have betrayed myself," thought Mr. Pardoe. "Yet, why not? No time like the present." The color rushed back to his ashen cheeks. A desperate resolve had seized him.

"Ladies, dear ladies, the distress under which you see me laboring, is not—is not—"

"May Fontleroy," said Jane, with forced composure, "let us all three sent ourselves on this landing—Mr. Pardoe is seriously ill."

"Not on the landing," gasped the unhappy knight; "let us go as far as yonder alcove."

"I feel," continued Mr. Pardoe, after they had established themselves in the alcove, "I feel that I owe you an explanation—both of you—all of you."

"By no means, Mr. Pardoe; do not attempt it. Jane, will you wait here while I go for a glass of water?"

"May—Miss Fontleroy—stay! Listen to me. When I called you out of the parlor it was to get a paper of pins."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pardoe; do not exert yourself to speak. (You'd better steal off, Jane, and bring some sal volatile.")

"A pa-per of pins."

"Yes, we know; it was *pins*," replied Jane Liscom, who, on attempting to rise, was held to her seat by the firm grasp of Mr. Pardoe's hand.

"Pins," repeated he, as if determined to keep his ideas to the point, and afraid to diverge. "But pins are a small part of it. Girls, did you ever hear of a man who didn't know his own mind?"

"Yes, indeed, often and often," replied Jane, in an indulgent tone, while May fanned the supposed lunatic with vigor, having a dim idea that air might restore him to his senses.

"Didn't know his own mind," went on Mr. Pardoe, with a look of anguish, "nor any one else's mind either, for that matter; for I certainly don't. Girls, may I speak in a parable?"

"To be sure you may; but wait till you are easier. Don't try to talk now."

"A parable. Once upon a time there was a man who appeared to have the equated amount of brains; but there was one thing lacking; he didn't know his own mind."

"Yes, yes. We understand. Do you feel any air from this fan?"

"He hadn't the faculty of understanding what he wanted."

"No, I suppose not. (May, is there a doctor down stairs?")

"He was always in love, but there never seemed to be any particular object in it."

"Oh, no!"

"I mean to say he had no particular object to love. His heart wasn't hard; indeed, it was quite too soft—as soft as wool—only you can't make any impression on wool, and his heart was impressed all over—and over again, as you may say."

May looked hard at Mr. Pardoe. He had grown comparatively calm. She began to see a little method in his madness.

"He couldn't see a beautiful lady without admiring her, and he couldn't admire her without saying so; and, every time he said so, he put the wrong words together and made a declaration of love."

Jane Liscom felt a stifling sensation, and laid her hand on her heart. "If this man were to be burnt at the stake—girls and the fagots already—he couldn't point his finger to the lady of his choice if it would save his life. *Choice!* That's the thing that's left out of my composition. I *can't* make a choice."

"Mr. Pardoe, explain yourself, sir." It was May who spoke with "majestical high scorn."

"Girls, I throw myself on your mercy. Remember what Dr. Johnson says. He says some excellent men can't fall in love—misapplied to me. I can, and do, and am."

"Mr. Pardoe, if you are suffering from aberration of intellect we pity you. If you have your senses, speak and say what you mean."

"I mean that I would make—this man would make—the kindest and truest of husbands. Miss May, Miss Jane, I don't care which—if *somebody* would only be so good as to take him."

"How dare you insult us in this manner?" said Jane, her serene gray eyes fairly blazing with a blue light.

"Oh, yes," returned Mr. Pardoe, wringing his hands. "I knew how it would be. You mock me. You can't have patience. If I could only make you understand what it is for a man to be too appreciative! Intellect, beauty and grace. Three of you—I mean Adelaide too. I could love any one of you. Decide among you which it shall be."

The girls bent on him a withering glance and moved away. Mr. Pardoe looked at them imploringly.

"Don't pronounce too hastily. I am sure I shall never love another. It is one of you three or nobody. Go into the dressing room with the pins; talk it over, and tell me your answer to-night."

No reply was deigned. If the girls had turned back they might have seen the "appreciative" lover bury his face in his hands in unmitigated despair.

Addie met them at the dressing-room door.

"May Fontleroy, where in this world have you been? I sent Frederick for some pins."

May threw herself on the bed, crushing her wreath of violets in the pillow.

"Oh, Addie Blythe I couldn't come sooner. I've been receiving an offer of marriage."

"You absurd creature! Where are the pins?"

"Have you no curiosity, Addie? Can't you ask who the gentleman was?"

Addie looked up carelessly, holding together the films of her cobweb dress.

"Whoever it may be," said she, "he has broken Jane Liscom's heart. She sits on the foot-board like a statue of grief."

"By no means," cried Miss Liscom, with a ghastly smile, "for I have received a proposal myself."

"From the same quarter, too," pursued May, clapping her hands.

"Indeed," said Addie; "such a parade as you make over half an offer!"

"What would you say then to a third of one, my sweet child? Jane, I think we are authorized to tell her she 'comes in for her thirds.'"

"And while you sit there talking nonsense, girls, here is my dress."

"It is no nonsense, Addie. I have always thought Frederick Pardoe was an idiot, and now he has come out and acknowledged it."

"Frederick Pardoe?"

"Yes; he has pursued me with attentions for three months; escape them I could not."

(Oh, May, did you ever try!)

Addie dropped into an easy chair. This, then, was her faithful Frederick!

"Dear, dear," went on Miss Fontleroy, in light, mocking tones, "the times that man has talked to me under the stars of congenial spirits and connubial bliss! And the same to you, I suppose, Jane Liscom?"

"I am ashamed to repeat what the dastardly wretch has said to me," replied the high-minded Jane, longing in the depths of her soul to creep somewhere out of sight. She could conceal her mortification, but she could not make light of it like the high-spirited May."

"You don't need my help, girls, in bidding off the man at auction. I will withdraw my claim and go down stairs."

Suddenly there was a sob, then a laugh. Addie had thrown herself on the floor in a fit of wild hysterics.

"So he has been making love to all three of us! What a capital joke! And we never mistrusted it! Tell me, May, *did* he think we believed him?"

"Of course, dear; he considers us violently enamored. And he returns our affection in a threefold degree, for he is an 'appreciative man.'

"How happy could he be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

Two of us must take ourselves out of the way. He is too much of a gentleman, Addie, to make any choice. We must settle that trifling matter for him. Jane has withdrawn; it rests between you and me; which shall be the happy woman?"

"Oh, May, it is too absurd of you. As if *I* cared for that conceited creature!"

"Well done, Addie Blythe!" thought May, approvingly; "you *have* a little womanly pride as well as myself."

But she said aloud:

"Of course I was jesting, Addie. Anybody would know us both better than that. I pity the woman who could be duped by such a fool."

"And I, too," responded poor little Addie, pouring her imaginary pity into her pocket-handkerchief. "May Fontleroy, how can I ride home with him after this insult?"

"It is too bad, Addie; but somebody must see him and finish the business, or we shall have it all to go over again."

"But, May, what shall I say? Tell me how."

"Why, say we tried to dispose of him at auction, but there wasn't a bid. Tell him to 'go, forget us'—he may yet see three more who will fill our places."

"I wish you could do it, May; you could slash him into small pieces. But I shall do the best I can; I don't mean to leave enough letters to spell his name."

The homeward ride was an ordeal for Addie, though she never told precisely what was said. She entered the carriage with the dignity of an empress, feeling the utmost contempt for her chevalier, on her own account and in behalf of the other girls. But when she had told him so with all the fierceness of an angry dove, he was so humbled, so ashamed, that she was moved to pity him a little.

"Oh, Addie," said he, "I shall never hold up my head again!"

It was certainly hard for him. If one ordinary rejection is as much as a man can bear, what must it be to have three at a blow. Addie had fully intended to annihilate him, but she had spent all her powder at the first shot.

"Oh, Addie, I could bear the contempt of the other girls, but yours—"

Poor fellow! What could she do but turn comforter? The consequence was, as might have been predicted, that, in spite of her sternest resolves, she ended the matter by accepting her third of an "appreciative" heart.

"Oh, May and Jane!" said she, deprecatingly, when the girls shrugged their shoulders, "it was foreordained. If either of you had ridden home with him instead of me, you would have done as I did—you would have pitied him so!"

Really the match was not a bad one—Mr. Pardoe's wife proving just as suitable for him as if he had "known his own mind." He has been a kind and faithful husband, for aught I know to the contrary. It is not recorded that he ever drew a comparison between the soft-hearted Addie who pitied and the other girls who scorned him. We can only conjecture that there may have been regrets in his mind unexpressed; for we know "there is no cream like that which rises on spilled milk."

The Great Egyptian Pyramid.

The foreign correspondent of the Boston Journal thinks that there is scarcely another place in the world where the boys and girls of the United States would throw up their hands in such wonder as upon the top of the great Pyramid of Egypt. In giving an account of a visit there he remarks:

"We ascend a steep sand-bank, one hundred feet high, and dismount from our donkeys beneath the shadow of the great Pyramid of Cheops. I almost despair of giving you an idea of its size, and height, or how it looks. It stands on solid rock. It is only when you walk around it, and when you get to the top, that you can get an idea of its magnitude and height. A great many of the outer stones have been taken away by the Caliphs of Egypt to build their palaces, so that the pyramid is not so large as it was at the first. Formerly it was 764 feet square and 480 feet high; now it is 746 feet on each side and 450 in height. Its area now is a little more than one-fourth the size of Boston Common, or almost twelve acres.

"Just imagine a pile of masonry—great stones nine or ten feet long, three or four high, and four or five wide, filling up a good-sized field, piled up three or four times higher than the tallest trees you know of, 450 feet. With two Arabs—to pull us up—to keep us from falling in case we should become light-headed, we go up, walking along the stones, picking out the easiest places, stopping once in a while for breath, reaching the top in about twenty minutes."

"WEEP THOU NO MORE."

Weep thou no more; a common lot is thine!
Fold thy meek hands upon thy heaving breast;
In alien sympathy can be no rest;
There is no lasting joy but trust divine.

Oh, heart that long'st for death, but may'st not die!
Oh, weary heart, all wasted with thy pain,
That striv'st against the stream, yet all in vain,
Weep thou no more, none hear thy weary cry!

The cold and distant stars are gazing still
In the hushed midnight on thy falling tears;
Thus have they gazed, for many thousand years,
On all varieties of human ill;

And yet they shine as on Creation's dawn,
'Midst their eternal music. All things cease,
Sooner or later, lapped in perfect peace,
For nature knows no turning. All things born

Take sorrow for their heirloom with the light,
But wake and cry, and fall to sleep again;
So slumber thou—in sleep forget thy pain;
While morn is breaking in the darkest night,

The billows fast return upon the shore,
The morn dew on the myrtle to the sea;
Whence rose thy trust, there only rest can be;
Thither thou driftest fast—weep thou no more!

The Duel in the Dark.

During the financial convulsion of 1837 the heavy firm of T. & C., of New York, was completely ruined. A son of one of the partners, about twenty-five years of age, had received a liberal education, but the expectancy of a large fortune had dulled the stimulus to healthful mental exertion, and since his graduation he had played the gentleman at large, engaged only in occupations befitting a wealthy man of leisure. The changed and unfortunate state of his father's affairs interrupted this mode of life, and threw him upon his own resources for a livelihood. Fortunately he had energy and resolution, and employing these, he determined to make his education the means of his support. Teaching was the profession which he resolved to practice, and thinking it more advantageous to him to commence where both his circumstances and himself were unknown, he took letters of recommendation, as a matter of possible necessity, to certain prominent Southern merchants, and pushed for Columbia, S. C., as his ultimatum, but deflected from the regular route, and by means of such conveyances as he could obtain, called at the scattered plantations of that region in furtherance of his object.

It so happened that one day he was travelling on foot, and being overtaken by a sudden shower, made an asylum of a shanty beside the road, kept by a "poor white," who obtained his support by doling out whiskey, crackers and cigars to passers by. Seating himself upon one of the few broken chairs in a corner of the wretched room, T——— waited the abatement of the rain to resume his road. Scarcely was he seated, when with oaths mingled with the barking of dogs a gigantic fellow dismounted at the door, and throwing the bridle rein to a negro who accompanied him on another horse, entered the shanty, booted, spurred, gun in hand, and followed by a pack of hunting hounds. The few occupants of the establishment immediately gave place to the intruder with timid deference, which he received with a curt superciliousness as the superior man; while the obsequious host, seemed afraid of his guest, fawningly inquired what "the major" would have for his refreshment, at the same time placing a bottle and a clean tumbler upon the counter.

Pouring out a full glass and dislodging a huge quid of tobacco from his cheeks, the new comer proceeded leisurely to swallow the potion, meanwhile scanning the several occupants of the room with a stare which bespoke a boor, a bully, and a despot. When his eye reached T———, it rested with a contemptuous leer upon his fashionable dress and equipments, and studied him from hat to boots in a manner anything but pleasant to the subject of his intentions. The few words which he deigned to utter to the cowering men around were blunt commonplaces blurted out with profane adjuncts and the emphasis of one who defied contradiction.

Having finished his glass and replenished his mouth with another enormous wad of fine-cut, he commenced walking the floor to and from the corner where our hero was sitting. Presently he discharged a mouthful of saliva so as to rake the toe of T———'s enameled leather boots. The latter, unwilling to provoke so unequal an antagonist, withdrew his foot and sat quietly, as though regarding the occurrence as an accident of an uncultivated clown. A repetition of the same act, however, shortly after, overcame his prudence, and springing to his feet with his blood boiling, he faced the giant with, "Did you intend to do that?" "Of course I did," was the sneering reply. "What do you mean to do about it?" "That," answered T———, accompanying the word with a quick, nervous blow of his fist, planted just beneath the lower jaw, which laid the recipient upon the floor.

He rose a very volcano of oaths and fury, drew a large knife, and rushed toward T———, when a simultaneous movement of all the company between the combatants could scarcely prevent a result which must have left T——— a gashed and mutilated corpse. Astonished at his own audacity and imprudence, the latter stood bold, but unarmed and helpless before the infuriate, who towered above and glowered like a tiger at him, while endeavoring to push aside those who stood in the way of his revenge.

"Fair play, major," cried all; "the stranger is unarmed, and is no match for you. He has insulted you and must fight; but let it be on an even footing." "Well, fix it somehow, and that shortly," said the brute; "but his heart's blood I will have before quitting the premises." It was accordingly resolved that the matter should be settled by the "dark room," as it is called, which is managed thus: the parties are placed diagonally opposite each other in the corners of an entirely dark apartment, furnished with a knife and pistol each, and then left alone to operate as they choose. To a nervous man no situation can be more trying, and poor T———'s predicament was pitiable in the extreme, for, besides his natural nervous temperament, he had the additional discouragement of being a stranger in a strange land, among a band whose sympathy with him seemed to be limited to the security for him of "fair play" in the pending encounter. But he lacked no courage, and desperate as was his situation, he resolved to brave everything rather than descend to parley with a man who appeared incapable of any reasoning save that inspired and administered by violence. He was "in for it," "accepted the situation," and prepared to meet it as best he could.

The place appointed for the fearful adjustment of the quarrel was the loft of the shanty, an empty room some fifteen by twenty-five feet, whose roof met the plates of the building on two sides about three feet from the floor. Openings in each end, intended for windows, were boarded up tightly. Access to the loft was by a ladder and trap-door from the room below.

Preparations having been finished, the parties ascended, accompanied by the host and others to see that all was "right" according to the code by which such proceedings were regulated. The antagonists were posttioned each in his own corner, duly equipped with the knife and pistol; then, all the others descending, the trap-door was closed, and the loft left to its two occupants, to silence and the event. The reader can imagine the situation better than I can portray it, and will readily agree that many a man whose courage would carry him undismayed and even cheerfully to storm a masked battery in open day, might be pardoned for tremors of unknown terror amid the silence and the conscious presence of an unknown foe, whose stealthy approach might be first announced by a fatal thrust or a bullet through the brain.

For a time that seemed terribly long to poor T———, not a sound was heard in the chamber of the ordeal. Every nerve in his body grew tense with excitement, and an undefined fear caused every hair on his head to commence assuming perpendicularity. Too engrossed with the strange terror of his situation to *act*, his busy thoughts were engaged in imagining what his opponent would probably do to obtain the advantage of him, until he became almost frantic. At length a slight creak of the floor boards flashed conviction that his enemy was upon him, (whether by intention or involuntarily he could never tell, as he afterwards recalled those terrible moments,) the pistol he was holding with finger on trigger exploded, and instantly that of his antagonist, (whose experience had taught him to wait until he could fire by the flash of his foe,) followed, the ball from which shattered T———'s left arm. Another ominous silence succeeded, during which T———, agonized, faint, and bleeding, gradually sank down beside the wall, against which he had been leaning, and holding his knife before him, awaited the denouement, which for him presented no hope.

Pain and the loss of blood, however, soon compelled him to lie down, and he felt his consciousness fast forsaking him. He could take no accurate note of time, but it seemed awfully long, and he was about going into obliviousness, when he again heard the boards creaking beneath a stealthy step advancing toward him. Anon he perceived the hot breath of his foe upon his face. Summoning all his remaining strength, he made the final lunge of desperation upward with his knife, and swooned away. A fall followed by absolute stillness, informed the expectants below that the finale had been reached, and mounting to the loft again with lights, they found the huge body of "the major," knife in hand, lying across that of young T———, whose weapon, still grasped, was buried in the heart of his antagonist. Both appeared dead; "the major" really was so, while T——— was carried below. His return to consciousness revealed a group of men, who, acting under the direction of and aided by a gentleman whom he had not seen before, were binding up his broken arm and administering restoratives. The latter had arrived during the transactions in the loft, and had waited to know the result. As soon as T——— was measurably restored, he had him placed in his carriage at the door and carried him tenderly to his house, some four miles away. Then sending for his family physician in all haste, he bade his patient give himself no anxiety, assuring him that he was among friends, and that he would exercise a paternal care over him, and explain all on T———'s complete recovery.

Under the kind treatment he received, convalescence was rapid, and when at length he began to speak of leaving and of remunerating his generous host, he was interrupted thus: "Don't mention it, my young friend; by your fortunate destruction of that man you have rendered myself, in common with the people of the entire section, a service that cannot be estimated by money. Lawless, reckless, fearing neither God nor man, he has ridden over the adjoining plantations, hunting with his pack of dogs, regardless of the rights of his neighbors, and when remonstrated with, answered with curses, threats, and the exhibition of deadly weapons. We were all afraid of him, but knew not how to get rid of him, till your perilous encounter relieved us of the curse and imposed upon us lasting obligations. And now, sir, my house shall be your home as long as you may choose to stay; or, if you still desire to teach hereabouts, I will do my best to aid you in that behalf." But T——— concluded that he had had enough of Southern experience, and was resolved to try his fortune further northward. On announcing this to his host, he, with many regrets that he had so decided, took him in his own carriage to Charleston, paid his fare by steamer to New York, and when he bade him good-by, gave him a one hundred dollar bill, saying, "Should you ever venture South again, remember my promise is a life-long one of welcome to you or any of your friends." During the days of success that eventually crowned T———'s efforts to aid himself elsewhere, the incident of the "dark room" occasionally recurred to mind as a hideous dream, the happy awakening from which was as grateful as his after years of prosperity.

☞ Secret societies are of very ancient origin. Cain married the daughter of a Nod fellow, and it is even supposed that our first parents had a "lodge in the wilderness."

☞ A black bear in Michigan recently adopted a little girl and made her quite comfortable in the woods until her parents reclaimed her.

☞ Goethe's "Herman and Dorotha" was the only work with which he was satisfied, and yet it is one of the least read of all his productions.

MEG HARTLEY'S CURE.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

It was towards the close of a gloomy day in February, and the dusk was fastening heavily upon each object in a scantily furnished room on the ground-floor of an old-fashioned but respectable house in the crowded district of Soho.

The street lamps had been lighted for the last hour, and the wet window-panes flashed like crystal beneath the flickering gas, whilst every now and then a bulging umbrella (so closely did the house abut upon the public thoroughfare) would press against the glass, and put the brilliance momentarily out. But the passengers for Soho were few and far between. It had been a wild and stormy day, and no one ventured abroad who was not compelled to do so. Everything looked dull and dark enough, both in the house and out of it; and so thought its mistress, Margaret Hartley, as she sat upon the hearth-rug, with her hands clasped about her knees, and gazed thoughtfully into the fast-fading fire. At a little distance from her stood her sewing-machine: she had been working at it all the afternoon, until her fingers and her feet were weary, and her head ached with the sound of its eternal click; and now, either from motives of economy or taste, she preferred to commune with herself in the dark to summoning artificial light to reveal the discomfort by which she was surrounded. And she had plenty to think of, this woman, ay, and to regret—although five-and-twenty summers had not yet passed over her head.

The expiring embers were not yet so dull but that they revealed the form crouching beside them to be young and graceful; and the face, to such as can accept the beauty of expression before that of feature, attractive. Yet, had each hour of pain through which it had been Margaret Hartley's fate to pass left a wrinkle on her fair smooth brow, it would have been as seamed and puckered as that of an old woman. For she had suffered greatly, and not without cause. As she gazed into the smouldering fire, had she cast her thoughts ten years backward, she might have seen herself as Margaret Lee, when, on the death of her father—a poverty-stricken music-master—she entered the house of her brother, a banker's clerk, who had married from a station even lower than his own, to become the drudge, and almost the servant, of his wife and children. Philip Lee was many years older than his sister, and the world had said at the time that it was a fortunate thing the penniless orphan had such a home open to receive her. Yet her spirit had been well-nigh broken by daily taunts and unkindness before any change happened in her miserable life. But then a certain Robert Nelson, a sailor brother of Mrs. Philip Lee's, had appeared upon the scene, and fallen in love, or professed to do so, with his sister's wretched little slave. He was rough and rude and unprincipled, but the maltreated girl of seventeen, who had had barely sufficient to eat and drink since she had entered upon her life of dependence, was not quick enough to perceive that in marrying Robert Nelson she would but exchange one sort of bondage for another, and accepted his offer with gratitude—a feeling which proved of short duration.

Mrs. Lee was too incensed at her brother's choice to wish to hold any communication with Margaret after her marriage, and the unfortunate girl soon found that no drudgery is so hard as that of an ill-used and unprotected wife; for Robert Nelson, his first fancy for her cooled, proved a harder taskmaster than she had ever known before.

He was his sister brutalized.

Being attached to some small coasting-vessel, he was seldom at sea for more than six weeks or two months at a time; so he established his young wife in a couple of dark rooms near the docks, where the only happy hours she spent were those during which he was away. For he was exacting, tyrannical, and extremely jealous, scarcely allowing her female companions, lest the indulgence of any society should bring her into contact with the other sex.

And yet she had had one friend during that unhappy period of her life; one true, staunch ally, who, in his journeyings amongst the sick and the afflicted, had chanced to light on the abode of this disappointed creature, and striven to make her trace the hand of Providence even in the apparent blasting of her earthly hopes.

And this friend and guide had been a hard-working London curate—John Hartley, her present husband—that she loved so dearly, and yet to know herself the wife of whom had not the power to render her contented!

Had she, then, quite forgotten that awful day on which Robert Nelson first discovered that the curate was trying to imbue her uninstructed mind with the truths it was his profession to impart, and the consolation it was his duty to administer, and, turning him with curses from the door, had given her something harder still than curses as her share of his displeasure?

Had she forgotten the life of terror which she had thenceforth led, and the good cause which her brutal husband gave her to tremble at his frequent reappearances?

Had all remembrance faded from her mind of that day of relief, when, after a longer absence than was usual, instead of receiving home the man whom she had learned to hate and dread, the owner of the vessel called upon her, with a lengthened visage, to impart the melancholy news that the "Mary Jane," in making her return voyage from Portugal, had been wrecked somewhere near the coast of Africa, and was supposed to have foundered with all hands on board?

And then, when the intelligence of her husband's death had been amply confirmed, and the owners of the "Mary Jane" had reconciled themselves to the loss of their vessel, and she had so far recovered the first surprise of hearing she was free, as to be trying to persuade herself that Robert Nelson had been better than she thought him, and that she was not so very thankful for her deliverance—John Hartley had come back to her again—come just in time to prevent her entering on service for her support, and told her that he loved her, and wished her for his wife.

Had the short space of three years really been sufficient to blot out, or even dull, the memory of a moment of happiness like that?

John Hartley! so good and gracious—both in appearance and demeanor!—so infinitely above herself, not only by birth and station, but by the degradation of her marriage.

Had she not thought, when first he brought her home, even to the dull room which she now occupied, that she was the most happy, most fortunate of human creatures?

And when, once since, her health had failed, and he had sent her (at an outlay which he could ill afford) to the country for a fortnight by herself, how she had panted to return to the old house and him! and told him truly, when once more folded to his honest heart, that life was nothing to her when not spent by his side. And they had a child too—an infant of their own; and John, though often harassed and generally overworked, still kept his health, and more than his first love for her: and she had food and clothes sufficient for her need, and a roof above her head. And yet Meg Hartley was not happy—she was even discontented.

She had not forgotten her first trials; they had been too real and undisguised to be forgotten; but she had ceased to shudder at their memory.

She had no more need to dread a recurrence of them, and so their sting was fading with the lapse of years, and she put their gracious uses far away, and permitted the paltry worries of the present to harass her instead.

As her soft eyes rested on the flickering fire, and a sigh, every now and then, escaped her murmuring heart, no thought, not even the remotest, of Robert Nelson, or the past, rose up to check her ingratitude. Sailors and sudden death, and the dull docks, had not the least share in her thoughts. She was thinking of John Hartley, and the many ills of poverty, and the misery of living in Soho instead. How wretched, how uninteresting, how monotonous, was her life, pent up in that horrid city, where each day seemed to pass alike, and was a burden in itself.

She was thinking of her own cotton dresses and of her husband's shabby coat; of how each morning, were the weather fine or foul, John Hartley had to go forth to his work and labor midst such dens of infection and of filth, that often, on returning to his home, he put his little child's caress aside, lest anything contagious should be lurking in his clothes.

And how, when no such fear existed, his spirits would be so downcast and depressed from the constant witnessing of crime and want and sorrow, that he would turn from his frugal meals almost with loathing, and say he felt as though the bread and meat would choke him, whilst so many were starving without prospect of relief!

And when would it be over?—what chance was there of her husband ever escaping from his present life of anxiety and toil?

Were they to drag out all their days in this unhealthy, crowded town? Was their child to grow up pale and thin, like the many whom she saw around her, for want of ever breathing the pure, sweet air of the country?

For Meg Hartley did not consider that her husband's lot was much worse than her own. Their hours were spent in equal toil, the only difference being that his had less monotony.

What did she live for but to nurse the child, and carry it out walking, and help their one household drudge to cook the meals and keep the house clean, and rack her brains from Monday until Saturday to see how she could make the weekly stipend cover the weekly wants? She had no friends, or any she could call such; for the parish of which her husband was but one of several curates lay at some distance from their own abode; and London neighbors, knowing little and caring less about each other, did not trouble themselves to become acquainted with a parson's wife, who dressed in cotton of an afternoon, and carried out her baby for an airing in the park.

Of John Hartley's family she knew nothing. He had plenty of relations, but they were happy country people who lived down in Suffolk; and though he had often said that as soon as he could afford it he must take her and Daisy (as he fondly called his little child) to see his mother and his sisters, that time had never come yet, nor seemed likely to do so; and the sewing-machine, which had been a present from her mother-in-law upon her marriage, was the only visible link subsisting between the Hartleys and herself.

The sewing-machine! Yes, she had welcomed it as a useful and expensive gift; but she had been compelled to sit at it so often since, during hot dusty days when she had been panting for a breath of fresh air, and cold dark ones, during which she had scarcely dared use as much fuel as would enable her to work in comfort, that she had come to hate the sound of its untiring needle, and the touch of its patient treadles.

If—as she fretfully thought to herself—if she ever had any material worth making up, for which to use the horrid thing, it might be different; but as it was—and she twitched the worn skirt of her alpaca dress impatiently to one side, as if the sight of it, even by those dull embers, was distasteful to her.

But she could scarcely remember what it was to possess a pretty or becoming dress; and her baby was never (what she called) "fit to be seen." As for an entertaining book, or a few fresh flowers or fruits, she had almost forgotten what such things were; and it was hard—it certainly was hard—to spend one's life without a single luxury or pleasure.

And as the thought of these inevitable hardships pressed upon Meg Hartley's mind, tears began to gather in her eyes, and roll slowly down her cheeks.

It was thus that the past had lost its power to make her grateful for the present, and that she could permit the dread memory of blows and curses to be overwhelmed by the existing discomfort of having to eat salt butter and wear unfashionable garments. It was very foolish of her—worse than foolish, it was wrong—and yet it was natural; although the assertion speaks poorly for human nature.

How often, in our short span of life, have we seen a huge billow advancing to meet us—coming onward with resistless force, and threatening to overwhelm our little bark!

How tremulously have we watched its rapid progress—how we have dreamed of it, wept over it, for weeks before it reached us; and whilst calling on the Master Mariner for aid in our perplexity, have yet, in our own minds, felt perfectly convinced that even His help must be unavailing, and that we never could survive the shock! At last it gained us; we were on the very verge of eternity, when, lo! it broke within a few yards of our boat; and, passing under, instead of over it, gave the frail structure an impetus which sent it riding gallantly above its foaming crest once more into smooth water.

For a few hours, perhaps, we could scarcely mention our deliverance without tears; and for a few days, or weeks, according to our disposition, any allusion to the danger we had so unexpectedly passed called forth expressions of the deepest gratitude.

Well! and what then? The huge billow was far out of sight; we had almost forgotten what it looked like when so near; the interest of the topic faded, and we began to grumble because the weather was not quite favorable to our sport, or that we sometimes brought up seaweed in our nets, instead of fish!

Meg Hartley was no better and no worse than the generality of her fellow-creatures. There are but few of us who know how to make the best of this life: how to extract the sweets which every phase of it, in some sort, contains; and how to cast the inevitable bitter away. She needed a lesson to be read to her upon contentment; and a heavy one was advancing with the gloom.

She had scarcely realized that she was crying, when the approaching sound of an infant's wail, and a rude knock at the parlor door, caused her to rouse herself, and brush away the tears which stood upon her cheeks.

"If you please, 'm," said the uncouth tones of her sole attendant, an awkward girl from her husband's National School, "I think as how the child wants yer; and if yer 'll take her, I can be about getting up the tea-things in time for master."

"Give her to me," said Mrs. Hartley, without altering her position, as she listlessly held out her arms for the infant; and in another moment it was cradled on her bosom, and drawing its nourishment from the springs of her own existence.

The child, not much above a twelvemonth old, was teething; and there was something in the touch of those feverish lips, and the harmless energy with which the little hot hand clutched at her breast, which might, and at any other moment would, have appealed very powerfully to its mother's feelings.

But Margaret Hartley was in no humor that evening even to sympathize with little Daisy.

She took the child almost impatiently, and, having given it the breast, resumed her occupation of gazing in the fire; whilst her thoughts returned to the same channel as before.

The girl from the National School having blundered up and down-stairs three or four times,—in the course of which peregrinations she had manage to convey the tea-things safely to their destination, and to spread the table with the uninviting loaf of yesterday's baking, the slab of salt butter in its dinner-plate, and the pennyworth of fluid from which the milkman dared to take his name,—now demanded of her mistress whether she should light the gas, make up the fire, or take the child again.

To all of which inquiries Meg Hartley only fretfully replied in the negative; telling the girl to go down stairs and stop there till she was called for.

And then the parlor door was slammed, and the rough-shod feet shuffled back to the lower regions; and the discontented woman was left musing in the dusk, and, save for the baby on her breast, alone.

How long she remained thus, she could never say, for the occurrence by which her meditations were interrupted was so terrifying as to drive all calculation of time out of her mind. It might have been moments, minutes, or hours, that she sat crouched upon the hearth-rug, with little Daisy slumbering in her arms; but when she was next roused to consciousness, it was from hearing the footstep of her husband in the hall. His footstep decidedly, and yet not like his own. There was no sound of fatigue or languor in that quick, hurrying tread, and if he had taken off his wet overcoat he must have flung it on the pegs in passing, for without the stoppage of a moment he skirted the narrow passage and threw open the sitting-room door.

She felt he stood upon the threshold, yet she did not turn her head, but, with her chin upon her hand and her elbow on her knee, maintained the attitude in which he found her.

"Margaret!"

The voice was so husky and so low, the tone in which he uttered her name so different to the caressing accents with which John was used to greet her, that curiosity alone would have impelled her then to look at him.

That white face, drawn with pain or fear, and rendered still paler by the flickering firelight; those sad yearning eyes and that agitated mouth—did they, could they belong to her good, contented, cheerful husband?

"John, John! what is the matter? Has anything happened? Are you ill?"

All her apathy and want of interest died away with her first glance at him; and in an instant she had sprung to her feet, and, with her infant on one arm, had thrown the other about her husband's neck.

"What is the matter, dearest? why do you tremble, and look at me so hard? John, I have never seen you like this before."

"I have never had occasion to feel like this before, Margaret. I am the bearer of bad news to you, darling—news that has almost broken my own heart."

She looked at him with amazement. There he was, alive and well, and Daisy was slumbering upon her arm. What great calamity could happen to her which did not affect either of the two treasures of her life?

"Bad news, John? What can it be? Oh! tell me quickly."

He tried to answer her, but his voice failed him. A dry, harsh sound alone issued from his throat, which threatened, as it were, to choke him. At the same time his wife thought she heard other footsteps shuffling in the passage, as though their conference was not without a listener.

"There is some one in the house!" she cried. "Oh, John, don't keep me longer in suspense! Is it—arrest?"

She had had some experience of that sort whilst living with her brother's family, and the dread of it had always kept her frugal in her expenses—yet her husband might have incurred debt unknown to her.

"No, no!" he groaned, when, at last, he had found voice to answer her; "not that, Margaret—oh! I wish it were; I wish a life's imprisonment for me could undo what has occurred to-day. Stop, dearest, stop a minute; don't look that way, and I will summon courage to tell you all. Oh, Margaret! be brave, for I bring you news that is worse than death."

She was too alarmed and agitated now to use any more entreaty. She could only stare into her husband's face, with wild pleading eyes, and press the shoulder upon which she leaned.

"Meg, we have been happy together, have we not? I have tried to make you so. Say I have succeeded."

The thought of her late discontent flashed across her mind, and her eyes became blurred with sudden repentant tears; yet, when she answered "Yes, dear; yes, dearest; God knows that you have!" she an-

swered truly, notwithstanding the mood in which this unknown misfortune had surprised her.

"And you love me?" he continued; "I know you love me, and will be brave for my sake. Margaret, we must part."

She did not scream nor faint; she did not echo his words, or exclaim at the strangeness of their import; but one thought possessed her,—that her husband had lost his senses, and so entirely was this fear portrayed upon her speaking features, that John Hartley read it at a glance.

"No, Meg, I am not mad; I have all my senses now, though God only knows how long I may retain them. Turn your eyes away,—look anywhere but at me, and I will try to tell you all."

She turned them instinctively towards the half-closed door. But the next moment she tore herself from her husband's embrace, and pointed to the passage in alarm.

"John! I saw—I am sure I saw some one there," she gasped faintly,—"some one moving in the dusk. Who is it? Who can have business here with you and me?"

"*I* have," said a voice, the memory of which years had not obliterated from her mind; and in another second the door was roughly pushed open, and on the threshold stood the figure of her late husband, of the man whom she had supposed to be at the bottom of the sea—of Robert Nelson.

As he made his appearance, John Hartley instinctively moved to the side of his wife, and placed his arms around her for support, but Margaret neither heeded his action nor himself. She was standing as though she had been turned to stone, gazing with widely dilated eyes on the new comer.

"Well, you don't seem disposed to give me much of a welcome, Mrs. Nelson," he exclaimed, greeting her surprise with a hoarse laugh; "but perhaps I should have written first to announce my coming. Only, you see, three years spent in the galleys on the coast of Morocco, during which we were not allowed pen and ink and postage-stamps to communicate with our friends, makes a man feel as if no time should be wasted before he lets his wife know that he's returned to his lawful duty. Very sorry to cut up fun, of course, but you seem to have been amusing yourself during my absence; so I think it's my turn now." And, with a malicious leer on his face, he approached Margaret's side, as though to take her from her present husband's arms. But she only shrank closer into them, and whispered, faintly:

"How did you hear of this, John? Who told it you?"

He stooped to answer her, until his cold lips touched her forehead.

"I was returning to our home, dearest,—ah!" (with a shudder) "what a happy home it has been!—when this man followed and accosted me. At first I did not recognise him; when I did, thank God that in my grief and despair I did not harm him."

"But how has it all happened, John? Tell me plainly, for I can hardly think or understand."

"Part of the crew of the wrecked 'Mary Jane,' Margaret, who put off in the long-boat, in hopes of reaching land in safety, were driven towards the coast of Barbary, and there taken prisoners. For the last three years they have been working in the galleys there, Robert Nelson amongst the number, and were only set free a month or two ago by the aid of an English exploring party."

"Now, parson" exclaimed Robert Nelson, as he approached the wretched pair, "I can't waste any more time here, whilst you are spinning yarns to my wife; I shall have plenty of opportunity to tell her everything she may want to know concerning myself; and as I wish to get to my destination to-night, the sooner she makes herself ready to go with me the better."

As he uttered the last words, a piercing shriek burst from Margaret's lips.

"Go with you!" she exclaimed. "Leave my husband to return to you! *Never!* I will perish first!"

"But, as it happens, missus, you won't be allowed to choose betwixt us," said Robert Nelson. "You belong to me, and with me you must go,—there's no question about that,—and I'm not sure that I can't prosecute the parson for having bagged you as soon as ever my back was turned. It was a dirty trick to play any man; and if I can make him smart for it, I will. Meanwhile, I shall take my own again."

"John! John!" she said, in a low, despairing voice, which yet entreated him to deny the other's statement.

"It is too true, my darling, we *must* part. Oh, Margaret! I'd give all I possess, except my hope for the future," he said, with a solemn look in his sad eyes, "to undo what we have done; but that is impossible. We erred in ignorance, and the sin is even now forgiven us. But parting, Margaret, is worse than death."

"Keep me with you, John; don't let him take me away. I *cannot* go."

"How can I keep you, little one?" he answered, fondly. "You are my wife, Margaret; I shall always think of you as such; but I have no legal right over you now, and, were Robert Nelson to give up his claim, we still must henceforth be nothing to each other."

"*Nothing!*" she cried, in a burst of vehement passion. "Nothing—with *this* to bind us," holding out the sleeping infant at the full length of her arms.

John Hartley gazed upon it for a moment, and then, with a groan, turned away and buried his face in his hands.

"Now, Meg," exclaimed Robert Nelson, laying his hand roughly on her arm, and bringing his dreaded, bearded visage in dangerous proximity to her own, "stop all this palavering, and make ready to come with me. I've stood it quite long enough, to my mind, already. It's sufficient for me to find that you've been the wife of another man during my absence, without having to stand by and hear your cursed fooling with one another. Go up-stairs and put your things together. Do you hear what I say to you? In another half-hour I must be on my road again."

"But without me," she replied, fiercely. "I cannot go with you. I *will* not! You despised and illtreated me when I was your wife, and then they said that you were dead, and I married another man; and if I am not *his* wife, I am no one's. I will *not* go with you. No power on earth shall make me!"

The bronzed face of the returned sailor grew still darker beneath the flush of rising passion.

"We'll soon see about that," he answered, with fixed teeth. "I was going to give you time to get your things together, but you must come without them now—and at once."

"John! John! save me!" she cried, flying to her husband's side.

"Margaret! dearest! I am powerless. In the face of your first husband's claim I can say nothing. He has legal right to you, my poor girl, and I have none. *Pray*, Margaret; pray, my dearest, that Heaven may grant you strength to do your duty. There is nothing left for either of us except prayer."

Still she struggled in Robert Nelson's grasp, affirming passionately that she did not belong to him; that she was not his wife; and that she would sooner die than return to his protection.

"Margaret," interposed the calm voice of John Hartley, "my wife—ah, no! I meant my *dearest*, listen to me, and be brave; resistance is utterly useless. It is we who, though innocently, have been in the wrong; it is we whose hands are now fettered; and heaven, who has permitted your husband to return alive, intends that you shall do your duty towards him as you have done it to me."

"You don't love me, John," she answered, mournfully; "you *can't* love me as I love you, or you would die before you gave me up so easily."

"Easily?" he repeated, bitterly. "If this task be easy, Meg, God have mercy on those who endure harder ones!"

"I'll have no more of this," said Robert Nelson, rudely; "I'm sick of such bosh. Put down that brat and follow me. I'll not wait another second."

"My child! must I part with my child?" screamed the unhappy woman, as she pressed the infant closer to her breast. "Oh, John! can he take away my baby? Can he force me to leave that too behind?"

"And am I to have *nothing*, Margaret?" replied John Hartley in a voice of despair; "am I to lose wife and child at one blow? all the desire of my eyes at a stroke? Won't you leave Daisy behind you, as a little comfort that may prevent my heart from breaking?"

She rushed back to him, and put the baby in his arms.

"Mine," she whispered, with feverishly excited eyes, and gasping tone, "mine and yours—ours, John—I give her to you; love her for her wretched mother's sake."

"You shouldn't have taken her, anyway," growled Robert Nelson; "I'll have no other man's brat kicking about my premises; but it's as well, perhaps, to make a virtue of a necessity. Now, are you ready?"

Then she turned, and fell at that hard man's feet, and embraced his knees with her hands, as she poured forth her soul in an entreaty that he would give her up.

"Robert, have pity on me—on us—I shall never live with John Hartley again; I shall leave this dear home, where I have been so happy; but don't ask me to return and be your wife. To remain here would not be right, but to return to you seems worse. Oh Robert, have pity—have mercy on us both! Listen to my baby wailing for me, and don't separate me utterly from all that is so dear!"

But she might as well have laid her head against a stone wall, and implored it to respond to her passionate entreaty.

The only answer which she obtained from Robert Nelson was a harsh laugh at her distress, as with a grasp of iron on her arm he dragged her roughly towards the open door, and she felt that her fate was decided, and hope, in this world, over for her.

"Husband, God bless you for all the love you have showered upon me! I have been ungrateful, John, often impatient, discontented, and careless, but I have loved you faithfully through it all. Oh, don't forget me now that I am going!"

Such were her farewell sentences, frantically uttered, as, half-dragged and half-supported, she was borne through the dark passage towards the outer door.

"I shall never forget you, darling; and—we shall meet again—look up, Meg, and think of that!"

One backward glance at him whom she had considered as her husband, as he uttered these last fond words; and Margaret, that cruel grip still fixed upon her arm, was hurried out of the house into the driving, pitiless rain.

Bareheaded, and otherwise unprotected from the inclement weather, it still never struck her as strange, remembering Robert Nelson's brutality towards her in years gone by, that he should choose to expose her to the fury of the elements. The rain, if anything, was coming down harder than it had done before; in a few minutes her dress was clinging miserably about her wet ankles, and her shoes were soaked through; and yet the soreness of her heart and the great dread creeping over her of the man into whose power she had again been thrown, prevented her thoughts dwelling upon anything but the two dear ones she had left in the old house behind her, and the hard grasp upon her arm which seemed to press into her flesh like heated iron.

Onwards he hurried her; never relaxing that unnecessary torture of restraint; never addressing a word to her of comfort or affection; whilst she, walking at her utmost speed to keep up with his stride, did not so much as lift her eyes to the dark, dreaded face which she felt ever and again to be regarding her.

She never inquired where he was taking her. They passed stand after stand of hackney cabs, but Robert Nelson did not offer to put her into one of them, and she did not venture to suggest that he should. They might have been walking to the world's end together for aught she knew or cared. She could think but of two things—her regret for the past, and her fear of the future.

By-and-by, after they had traversed what had seemed to Margaret miles of dark and sloppy pavements, Robert Nelson, without relaxing his hold upon her arm, turned suddenly in another direction, and she found herself inside a railway station. A busy, bustling station, where bells were ringing, and passengers pushing, and porters calling, and everything gave token that a train was just about to start; and from which in another minute she found herself rushing into the dark, unknown country, the sole companion of Robert Nelson in a first-class carriage. She shrunk into a corner, and resigned herself to thought.

Then it was in the cold and silent night, the only light being the dim oil-lamp which burned in the centre of the carriage, that all the petty discontent of which she had been that day guilty came back upon Margaret's mind to sting it with self-reproach. What would she have given at that moment to be installed once more mistress of the dull home, where visitors came seldom, and pleasures (such as the world terms "pleasures") were few and far between! How sweet appeared in retrospect the peaceful hours when she had known no fear, which she had passed in nursing her baby, or sitting at her once-despised sewing-machine! How calm and happy, how free from jar and disaffection, had been those quiet evenings, when John, wearied by the long day's toil, would bid her be idle with himself; and in summer take her for a stroll until heaven was dotted with its stars, or in winter draw her chair beside his own, and hold her hand in his, whilst he told her how he loved her, and pictured the future which might one day be theirs.

As she thought of all this, and compared her present feelings with those which she had encouraged but a few hours before, Margaret shuddered at her ingratitude for the benefits which heaven had sent her, and hated herself for having entertained it.

"Why don't you speak, Meg?" interrupted the coarse voice of Robert Nelson. "Here's your lawful husband come back to you after an absence of more than three years, and you don't seem to have a word to say to him. Are you sulky, or are you asleep?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" said the unhappy woman. "Don't speak to me. I have nothing to say."

"But you *shall* say something if I choose it," he replied, with decision, as he changed his seat to the one opposite her own. "Now, look you here, missus; you were always a stiff lot to deal with even in the old times, and I dare say the parson's discipline hasn't made you any better. But what did for him, you know, won't do for me. You know me—none better, and I tell you, once for all, *this won't do*. You can rattle away fast enough when you like, and I choose that you shall talk to me now; so tell me of all you've been doing since I've been away."

"Oh no—no, not that!" she exclaimed, in a voice of pain.

"But I choose that."

"I cannot."

Robert Nelson's face grew angry, and he took a coil of rope from one of his pockets, at the sight of which Margaret shuddered, and he saw it.

"Ah! you remember this, do you?" he said, with a chuckle. "Well, you'll taste it again, my dear, if you begin any of your old tricks. Come, sit on my knee."

He had been her husband, but his touch seemed now (remembering the later purer touch of John Hartley's hand) to have become defilement to her, and she shrank from it visibly.

"Come, Meg, do as I tell you."

"Don't ask me; pray, don't ask me."

"Is it to be war or peace between us, then?"

"War," she said, despairingly, "if you require the appearance of love from me."

And then she shrieked, for he had raised his hand to strike her, and his dark fierce eyes glared malignantly, as though he could have killed her where she sat.

But her shriek was mingled with other shrieks, and died amongst them; whilst his uplifted arm suddenly descended, not of his own will, but from the force of a tremendous shock by which the carriage that they occupied was thrown off the line, and, with several others, hurled down an embankment, at the bottom of which it rested, broken into pieces.

The train had come into collision with another, and the loss of life and property was fearful. But Margaret knew nothing but that she lay crushed and all but insensible beneath the debris of some of the fallen carriages, and that her life was slowly ebbing out of her.

She had no pity or fear for herself; she only felt thankful that heaven had permitted her to die instead of live.

"Don't touch me," she murmured, when some one laid a hand, as she thought, on her shoulder; "don't touch me. Thank God! I am dying."

She feared that a touch might recall her to life; she dreaded lest some good Samaritan should strive to retain in her that which the loss of John Hartley had converted from a blessing to a curse.

* * * * *

"Don't touch me," she again whispered, as the handling became more patent to her senses; "only leave me alone."

"Only leave you alone, little wife! When the fire has completely gone out, and the room is as cold as a cellar, and I am waiting for my tea. Why, it's not like my busy bee to be sleeping on the hearth-rug when her husband wants her. What's the matter, Meg. Are you tired, my darling, or only lazy?"

Margaret Hartley started to her feet as if she had been shot. The room in utter darkness; the fire burnt out in the grate; and the baby on her bosom even shivering with the cold. How could she have been so foolish as to slumber there whilst all her duties were neglected?

But the next moment her dream and its import flashed upon her mind, and, feeling the glad relief which comes to us when we have experienced some unfounded dread, she burst into a flood of happy tears.

"Oh, John! John!" she exclaimed, as she hung about her husband's neck. "I dreamed that I had lost you; that we were separated."

"God forbid, my love!" he answered, solemnly. "I trust that nothing will ever have the power to separate us, except death. But give me the Daisy, Meg, and let us have candles and tea. I'm as hungry as a hunter to-night, and shall do justice to anything you may have to give me."

She dried her eyes, and set about seeing to her husband's comfort, whilst a glad thanksgiving that her fear was "but as a dream that is told" kept ringing its hallelujah in her heart. In a few minutes the fire was burning again in the grate, the candles were lighted and on the table, and Margaret had decided that she could spare John a morsel of cold meat for his tea from the provision for next day's dinner. When she returned, she found him dancing the child upon his knee, whilst he sang a lively tune to mark the time. What could have happened to her usually sober and sedate husband to make him so merry to-night? Margaret thought, as she looked at his bright face and listened to his cheerful voice, that she had never seen John so gay before. But, as his spirits rose (and they had not reached their ultimatum until after tea), hers seemed to fall. Self-reproach was heavy at her heart; her husband's bright content contrasted most unfavorably with her feelings of the afternoon; and the more she thought on them, and on her dream, the more she despised herself for having given way to their indulgence. She was depressed and half tearful all the evening; and her husband's remonstrances only called forth what were to him most mysterious expressions of penitent humility.

"I am not worthy to be your wife, John," she exclaimed, on one occasion. "I am far worse than you think me to be. Ah! if you knew all!"—and then John laughed at her, and affirmed he would not be afraid even to know "all." He was too sure of his little wife's integrity and love for him.

"What o'clock is it?" he asked more than once during the evening.

"What makes you so curious about the time, John?" inquired his wife. "Have you to go out again? I hope not, for it is raining harder than ever;" and she shuddered to recall how she had been dragged (in fancy) bareheaded through that very rain a prisoner in the grasp of Robert Nelson.

"Nothing of the sort," replied her husband; "my work is over for to-day. And yet I am anxious about the time, Meg, and I wish it were nine o'clock."

"It must be nearly so," she answered, as she peeped behind the blind; "for the postman is next door."

John Hartley rose from his seat, and, coming behind her, placed his hands upon her shoulders.

How he trembled!—or was it her own frame which shook beneath his weight?

"Is the postman coming here?" he whispered, eagerly. (Why, what on earth could John want to know that for,—he who so seldom received or wrote a letter?) "He is—is he not, Margaret?—yes!—no!—yes! he is. Hurra!—my darling—it's all right!" and, with one fond kiss on her astonished face, he had darted like a boy into the passage, and opened the hall door himself.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed, as he rushed back with an open letter in his hand. "I could not tell you before, dearest, lest you should be disappointed, but I had seen Lord Chester this afternoon, and was almost sure of it."

"Of what—of what?" she said, eagerly.

"Of a living in the country, dearest: of the Incumbency of Middlecross, the village where my mother and sisters live. Ah! I can take you there now, Meg, darling!—take down my dear wife and my little child, of whom I am so proud, and show my people I am justly so: take you to one of the prettiest parsonages in England; just such a home as we have always pictured and longed to have together; where Daisy shall learn to walk upon the green grass; and we shall have a garden, and a meadow, and keep our cows and pigs; and you shall have your poultry; and—why, what's this, darling?—in tears?—when I thought you would be so glad."

"Oh, John! John!" sobbed the little woman, "I don't deserve it; indeed I don't. Take me in your arms, John, and let me tell you all. I shall never be happy again until you have forgiven me."

And with her head upon her husband's breast, and her arms about his neck, Meg Hartley told of her former discontent and present penitence, and received his full forgiveness ere she slept.

Death and the Doctor.

Once on a time there was a lad, who had lived as a servant a long time with a man of the North Country. This man was a master at ale-brewing; it was so out-of-the-way good the like of it was not to be found. So, when the lad was to leave his place and the man was to pay him the wages he had earned, he would take no other pay than a keg of yule-ale. Well! he got it, and set off with it, and he carried it both far and long, but the longer he carried the keg the heavier it got, and so he began to look about to see if any one were coming with whom he might have a drink, that the ale might diminish, and the keg lighten. And after a long, long time, he met an old man with a big beard.

"Good-day," said the man.

"Good-day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"I'm looking after some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?" said the man. "I have fared both far and wide and I am both tired and thirsty."

"Well! why shouldn't I?" said the lad; "but tell me, whence do you come, and what sort of man are you?"

"I am 'Our Lord,' and come from heaven," said the man.

"Thee will I not drink with," said the lad; "for thou makest such distinction between persons here in the world, and sharest rights so unevenly that some get so rich and some so poor. No! with thee I will not drink," and as he said this he trotted off with his keg again.

So, when he had gone a bit farther the keg grew too heavy again; he thought he never could carry it any longer unless some one came with whom he might drink, and so diminish the ale in the keg. Yes! he met an ugly scrawny man who came along fast and furious.

"Good-day," said the man.

"Good-day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh! I'm looking for some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink with me as well as with any one else?" said the man; I have fared both far and wide, and I am tired and thirsty."

"Well! why not?" said the lad; "but who are you, and whence do you come?"

"Who am I? I am the De'il, and I come from hell; that's where I come from," said the man.

"No!" said the lad; "thou only pinest and plaguest poor folk, and if there is any unhappiness a-stir, they always say it is thy fault. Thee I will not drink with."

So he went far and farther than far again with his ale-keg on his back, till he thought it grew so heavy there was no carrying it any farther. He began to look round again if any one were coming with whom he could drink and lighten his keg. So after a long, long time, another man came, and he was so dry and lean 'twas a wonder his bones hung together.

"Good-day," said the man.

"Good-day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh, I was only looking about to see if I could find some to drink with, that my keg might be lightened a little, it is so heavy to carry."

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?" said the man.

"Yes; why not?" said the lad. "But what sort of man are you?"

"They call me Death," said the man.

"The very man for my money," said the lad. "Thee I am glad to drink with," and as he said this he put down his keg, and began to tap the ale into a bowl. "Thou art an honest, trustworthy man, for thou treatest all alike, both rich and poor."

So he drank his health, and Death drank his health, and Death said he had never tasted such drink, and as the lad was fond of him, they drank bowl and bowl about, till the ale was diminished, and the keg grew light.

At last, Death said, "I have never known drink which smacked better, or did me so much good as this ale that you have given me, and I scarce know what to give you in return." But after he had thought a while, he said the keg should never get empty, however much they drank out of it, and the ale that was in it should become a healing drink, by which the lad could make the sick whole again better than any doctor. And he also said that when the lad came into the sick man's room Death would always be there, and show himself to him, and it should be to him for a sure token if he saw Death at the foot of the bed that he could cure the sick with a draught from the keg; but if he sat by the pillow, there was no healing nor medicine, for then the sick belonged to Death.

Well, the lad soon grew famous, and was called in far and near, and he helped many to health again, who had been given over. When he came in and saw how Death sat by the sick man's bed, he foretold either life or death, and his foretelling was never wrong. He got both a rich and powerful man, and at last he was called in to a king's daughter far, far away in the world. She was so dangerously ill no doctor thought he could do her any good, and so they promised him all that he cared either to ask or have if he would only save her life.

Now, when he came into the princess's room, there sat Death at her pillow; but as he sat he dozed and nodded, and while he did this she felt herself better.

"Now, life or death is at stake," said the doctor; "and I fear, from what I see, there is no hope."

But they said he *must* save her, if it cost land and realm. So he looked at Death, and while he sat there and dozed again, he made a sign to the servants to turn the bed round so quickly that Death was left sitting at the foot, and at the very moment they turned the bed, the doctor gave her the draught, and her life was saved.

"Now you have cheated me," said Death, "and we are quits."

"I was forced to do it," said the doctor, "unless I wished to lose land and realm."

"That shan't help you much," said Death; "your time is up, for now you belong to me."

"Well," said the lad, "what must be, must be; but you'll let me have time to read the Lord's Prayer first."

Yes, he might have leave to do that; but he took very good care not to read the Lord's Prayer; everything else he read; but the Lord's Prayer never crossed his lips, and at last he thought he had cheated Death for good and all. But when Death thought he had really waited too long, he went to the lad's house one night, and hung up a great tablet with the Lord's Prayer painted on it over against his bed. So when the lad woke in the morning he began to read the tablet, and did not quite see what he was about till he came to AMEN; but then it was just too late, and Death had him.

Opinions of a Prussian Executioner.

Reindel, the Prussian headsman, lives in a very fine house, in the neighborhood of Havelberg, and is well off; but his neighbors studiously refrain from holding any intercourse with him. He says he never yet met with a criminal who was to be beheaded but whose courage finally gave way. He thinks hanging would be a better mode of execution, nearly every criminal being afraid of the pain which they think the axe, in cutting off their heads, would give them. He says the most trying moment for him is always that of his confronting his victim for the first time for the purpose of looking at his neck and cutting off his hair.

All the women whom he beheaded, he says, fainted as soon as they caught sight of him and learned who he was, and what he wanted of them. He denounces as a wanton cruelty the practice of reading once more to the criminal the whole long sentence passed upon him, after he has reached the scaffold. He thinks that there is still sensibility in the head for several minutes after it has been severed from the trunk. A woman beheaded in Mecklenburg in 1866 had fainted on the scaffold, and seemed perfectly lifeless when she was tied to the block. After her head was off he picked it up, and saw to his horror that the eyes opened slowly, with an expression of great agony.

He thinks that the most humane way of executing criminals would be to kill them in an hour or an hour and a half after their sentence has been announced to them, and not compel them to walk or ride to a distant place of execution, but to execute them, if possible, in their own prison, for the walk to the scaffold, he says, is always a dreadful torture for the criminal, few of the strongest men being able to retain their composure, while the women, without exception, have to be carried to the block. Occasionally, he says, feeble women arouse themselves at the last moments, and offer the most desperate resistance, so that he and his assistants once or twice were hardly able to fasten them to the block.

Bread on the Waters.

A California adventurer was trying to get back to San Francisco from the mines, where he had worked and searched without success, until his means were exhausted. He came to a river, but the ferryman asked a dollar to take him across. The adventurer said:

"Then I must walk up the stream until I can ford it, for I have not a dollar in the world."

"If that is so," said the ferryman, "jump in; I never refuse to take a clever man across because he is broke."

When they had reached the opposite shore, the ferryman, who had eyed the adventurer very closely on the way, said:

"Is not your name Jones?"

"It is," replied the adventurer.

"And your father used to live in —— street, New York?"

"He did," replied the adventurer with astonishment to find himself recognized.

Thereupon the ferryman drew from his pocket and commenced counting out gold pieces.

"I have made five hundred dollars by ferrying passengers, here are three hundred of them for you. You can pay me when you are flush, or if that don't happen, all right. When I was a little boy and my mother a poor widow, many a time has your father visited our home, and when he had gone, somewhere about the room we would find money for a barrel of flour, or to pay the rent, when we knew not before where it was to come from; and as long as I live, if I have a crust, when I find one of his sons in want, he shall get the biggest half."

The loan was gratefully accepted. By its aid the traveller was able to reach San Francisco, earn enough to repay his benefactor, and return safely to his home.

The Skunk.

The skunk is a great nuisance, although it has its good points. It belongs to the great family of Mustelidæ which includes in its number all the weasels, ermines, minks, and even the otter. It is a large family and widely distributed. All of these animals, as is generally known, are carnivorous, feeding upon birds, small mammals, and insects, the otter feeding entirely and the mink largely, upon fish. Now the skunk with these general habits is particularly fond of domestic poultry and will at any time risk his life for a nice meal of them.

It is true that he kills great numbers of field and meadow mice, and hunts diligently in the corn fields for those large, white grubs with brown heads, the larvæ of the Dor bug or May beetle, which he is very expert in finding below the surface of the ground, and digging out with his strong fossorial claws on his fore feet; But these good qualities are much more than balanced by the injury which he in various ways inflicts.

He never spares a nest of eggs or young birds that he finds in the woods and fields, and as he is a great rover, and that too at a time when the birds are comparatively helpless, the mischief he does is very considerable.

The skunk is generally nocturnal, rarely venturing abroad during the day time, but remaining quiet in his burrow in a ledge of rocks or beneath a stone wall, or perhaps in the hole of a woodchuck, the owner having fallen a victim to the appetite of his skunkship. At early evening he comes forth, and begins his wanderings. If met by a man or dog he faces the intruder and offers battle usually with such success that he is unmolested; no man, unless armed with a gun, being hardy enough to attack the beast, provided as it is with one of the most powerful weapons in nature.

The fluid which the skunk ejects, instead of being the urine of the animal, as most people suppose, is a secretion held in glands on the under side of the tail near the body. When this liquid is thrown at an object, the tail is of necessity laid flat on the back; the secretion is of a yellowish color, and is of the most intensely disgusting odor; it has the properties of blistering the skin on which it strikes, and, if reaching the eyes of animals it is liable to produce blindness.

The skunk breeds but once in the year, bringing forth from three to seven young in April or May; the young animals live with the parents until they are able to provide for themselves, when they are generally driven from the burrow, although they sometimes pass the winter with them, all hibernating together.

Trapping this animal is a work of no difficulty, the skunk having the utmost indifference for all snares and pitfalls. We have seen one walk deliberately into a trap rather than go out of his way six inches, and the trouble is not to find a trap, but to know the best one for the peculiarities of the animal.

Steeltraps set at the mouths of the burrows or in the fields which the animals frequent are sometimes employed; they are baited, as should be all snares for the skunk, with dead mice or birds or pieces of meat. The objection to steeltraps is that in them the animal is as offensive as ever, and must be killed before it can be removed.

A writer on the habits of the animal says: "In summer, skunks can be taken in great numbers by the following method: Find a place where they travel from their holes to a hen coop or through a corn field. Make a path for them by treading down the grass, and set up sticks along on each side to guide them more surely. Set traps at intervals, and strew pieces of meat or dead mice before and behind each trap. A whole family of skunks will walk down this path, the old ones heading the procession; and as one after another is caught, those behind will climb over and pass on, till all are taken. I have caught in this way two old ones and eight young in one path on a single evening. They seldom discharge when first caught." —*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Newsboys and the Bootblacks.

Mr. Childs, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, gave a dinner to the Newsboys on the Fourth of July. A few days before that appointed for the feast a committee of newsboys—each member of which had his hair combed and wore a clean white shirt—waited on Mr. McKean, (Mr. Childs's business chief.) When the surprise on the one side and the embarrassment on the other had subsided, the spokesman of the committee—distinguished by wearing gloriously polished shoes—proceeded to state the case. It was rumored on Third street—in fact, the boys believed—that the Bootblacks had been invited to the Banquet on the Fourth. For his own part, knowing Mr. Childs to be a gentleman by instinct, he could not suppose that such an indignity to the Newsboys had ever been contemplated by him, and he felt sure that it had not been suggested by Mr. McKean. But, as he had before stated, many of the boys *did* believe the rumor, and, as chairman of the committee, he begged leave to say, on behalf of the Newsboys of Philadelphia, that they would be obliged to decline participating in the festivities if the Bootblacks were also invited. "You see—Mr. Childs and you've always been good friends of ours, but—if the Bootblacks come, we wont!"

Satisfactory assurance being given that no such incongruous mingling as that of the Bootblacks with the Newsboys had been contemplated, the committee retired fully satisfied.

THE present condition of the Franklin Fund, under the charge of the city of Boston, is a striking illustration of the uncertainty attendant upon bequests for the purpose of accumulation. Dr. Franklin, by his will, gave the inhabitants of Boston, in 1791, £1,000 sterling, which he directed to be loaned in sums of not more than £60 nor less than £15 to one applicant, at 5 per cent. interest. The loan was restricted to "young married artificers" under the age of 25. The doctor calculated that the £1,000 would increase in the course of one hundred years to £131,500, and of this amount he would have the managers lay out £100,000 in public works, and the balance he would have continue on interest for another term of one hundred years, at the end of which time he calculated that the fund would be £4,610,000, of which £1,610,000 was to be at the disposition of the inhabitants of the "Town of Boston," and the balance to the Government of the State. The result, in 77 years, is very different from what Franklin anticipated. The amount of the fund is now only $125,365.53, and in all probability has been invested in the loan of the state of Massachusetts.

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Hamilton on Burr.

One of the distinguished acquaintances Mr. Quincy made was Alexander Hamilton, who, if Washington was the head, was then the leader of the Federal party. I am not sure whether it was at General Hamilton's table at this time, or at his own, when Hamilton afterwards visited Boston, that a conversation occurred which I have often heard my father repeat. It turned on the character and talents of his deadly rival, Aaron Burr. In reply to the question whether Burr was a man of great talents, "Not of great talents," replied Hamilton. "His mind, though brilliant, is shallow, and incapable of broad views or continued effort. He seldom speaks in court more than twenty minutes, and though his speeches are showy and not without effect upon a jury, they contain no proof of uncommon powers of mind. But," he added, suiting the action to the word, and describing a circle about his head with his hand, "he has an ambition that will never be satisfied until he has encircled his brows with a diadem!" The openness with which Hamilton expressed his contempt for the talents and character of Burr, of which this striking statement to a young stranger was but a casual example, was doubtless a main cause of the personal bitterness on the part of his antagonist which pursued him to the death.—*Life of Josiah Quincy.*

☞ LIGHTNING.—As the lightning seems to be unusually malignant this season, it will be well for people to be more than ordinarily careful as to how they expose themselves to its influences. A lady's hand was paralysed by lightning the other day, in consequence of the attraction offered by a steel thimble.

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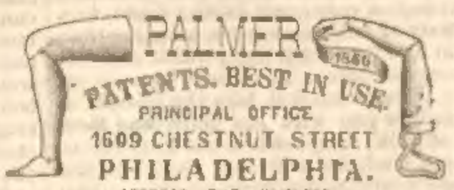

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Bluffing a Peddler.

A well-known tin-ware peddler travelled up town to dispose of notions to such as were willing to bargain. He was a persevering trader, and never would be bluffed off with a short answer. From one house in particular he received continued rebuffs and assurances that nothing was wanted—they never bought anything in that way. Nevertheless, he made his calls steadily with each regular round, till he became a regular pest, and in reply to the information that it was useless to call, made known his purpose to do so just as often as he pleased.

One bitter cold day the bell rang, and the good lady hastened to get her hands from the dough in which they were busy, to answer the call; when she reached the door, there stood the everlasting peddler.

"Any tin-ware to-day, ma'am?"

"Have you any tin kitchens?"

"Yes, ma'am," and away he goes to bring the samples, chuckling at the idea that his zeal was so successful at last.

"There's nothing," muttered he, "like hanging on, any how."

The tins were brought, and tin pans were next inquired for. The pans were brought, and other articles enumerated, to seven different kinds, till a goodly portion of the peddler's load had been transferred to the house.

"Is there anything else you want, ma'am?"

"Oh, no, I don't want any of these; I only asked you if you had them."

The peddler was fairly "sold," and for a moment felt like getting angry, but the idea rather tickled him, and he commenced returning his wares to the cart, without uttering a word. He has never called at that house since.

An Old and True Friend.

A gentleman played off a rich joke on his better-half the other day. Being somewhat of an epicure, he took it into his head that morning that he should like to have a first-rate dinner. So he addressed her a note politely informing her that a gentleman of her acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with her that day. As soon as she received it, all hands went to work to get every thing in order. Precisely at twelve o'clock she was prepared to receive her guest. The house was as clean as a new pin—a sumptuous dinner was on the table, and she was arrayed in her best attire. A gentle knock was heard, and she started with a palpitating heart to the door. She thought it must be an old friend, perhaps a brother, from the place whence they once moved. On opening the door she saw her husband, with a smiling countenance.

"Why, my dear," said she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman of whom you spoke in your note?"

"Why," replied the husband, complacently, "here he is."

"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with us to-day."

"Well," said he, good-humoredly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance, an old and true friend?"

"Oh!" she cried, distressingly, "is there nobody but you?"

"No."

"Well, I declare this is too bad," said his wife, in an angry tone.

The husband laughed immoderately, but finally they sat down cosily together, and for once he had a good dinner without having company.

How to Manage Female Mutineers.

Speaking of the recent mutiny of the women employed in the cigar manufactory at Madrid, the *Epoca* gives the following humorous description of the line of action pursued by a certain director of one of these establishments in a similar emergency:

The women having quit work, left the manufactory in a body, and with menacing gestures and angry shouts hastened toward the office of the director. The tumult reaching the ears of the latter, he asked what it meant.

"The hands have mutinied, and have come to demand—"

"What?"

"Justice from your excellency. The whole of them insist upon coming in to see you, and they declare they will come in by force if you won't admit them otherwise."

It was a difficult dilemma. The director reflected. At length he exclaimed:

"Good! Go and tell them I am ready to receive them."

"Yes, sir."

"But as there are so many of them, I cannot see them all. They must delegate three of their number for the interview."

The messenger was about to retire with the decision, when the director cried after him:

"Wait a minute. The three delegates must be the three oldest and ugliest of the lot."

Strange to say the director never received the deputation.

Didn't Drive a Wagon.

A witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?"

"No, sir."

"What is your occupation, then?"

"I drive a horse, sir."

A WESTERN paper contains the following advertisement:—"Wants a situation, a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to act as a pastor to a small evangelical church, or as a local preacher. He would have no objection to form a small but select class of interesting young ladies to instruct in the highest branches. To a dentist or a chiropodist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost anything. Would cheerfully accept a position as bass or tenor singer in a choir. Would board with a family, if decidedly pious. For further particulars, inquire at Brown's Saloon."

☞ A young woman in a Western town has been fined ten dollars for kissing a young man against his will.

THE HONEYMOON.

WILLIAM (and who promised so faithfully to give it up, too!)—"Oh! my beloved"—("Now for a pretty speech," thinks she)—"Pipe! What a dreadful slow place the seaside would be, duckey, if a fellow hadn't his tobacco to fall back upon!"

"One of Brownlow's Orders."

An insurance agent, now in Kentucky, we believe, tells a rich story of an adventure of his in a sparsely settled district of Middle Tennessee. As he was riding towards this city one very warm day, he happened to come upon a little log house on the borders of a dilapidated farm, and being much fatigued stopped to rest. As he was tying his horse an urchin with a very tow head and very dirty face appeared at the door, and the agent, with as paternal an air as he could put on, spoke to the boy:

"Is your pa at home, sonny?"

"No, I hain't got no daddy. Maw's here, tho'."

"Well, I'm going to insure your ma's house."

This was intended as a sort of introduction, and as much for the ear of the mother as for the boy, and it had the desired effect. In a moment a timid little woman appeared, and with much trepidation invited the stranger in.

He took a seat and at once opened a conversation.

"Madam," said he blandly, "I'm going to insure your house."

"Are you!" inquired the little woman, trembling.

"Most assuredly," answered the self-possessed agent, as with an assumption of dignity and a significant "ahem!" he drew out a package of formidable looking papers.

"Well (boo hoo!) w-a-a-l! if it must (boo hoo!) be (boo hoo, boo hoo!) done, w-h-y, it must be (boo hoo!) I sup-p-o-s-e!" and the poor woman burst into a flood of tears, to the horror and dismay of the astonished agent, who jumped to his feet in an instant.

"Why, madam," he hastily replied, "you are not obliged to insure if you don't want to."

"Ain't I?" cried she, in an ecstacy of delight as sudden as her fright had been genuine, "well, I won't, then, of course, if I don't *have* to. *I thought all the time it was one of Brownlow's orders!*"

Catarrh

Is a Greek word, which means a "flowing from," and is synonymous with a common cold. A cold in the head causes a running from the nose; a cold in the eyes makes them water; a cold in the chest or lungs causes an increased expectoration; a cold in the bowels occasions diarrhea. This "flowing," whether from nose, eyes, lungs, or bowels, is nature's effort to ward off the effects of a previous injury; it is essentially a curative process, and ought never to be interfered with. If this "flowing from" is stopped in any way, whether by external applications or internal medicines, the inevitable effect, always, is to drive it to some other part to seek an outlet, for nature will not rest ever, until the riddance is effected. Within a month, a lady was attacked with a great itching and running in the nose, some ignoramus advised her to use a certain kind of snuff, to "dry it up;" it had the effect in a few hours, and she was charmed with the result; she thought it a wonderful medicine; that night she was attacked with asthma, which confined her to her bed for two weeks, to say nothing of the distressing sufferings which filled the interval, day and night.

A gentleman complained of a cold in the head, with sick headache; some one advised him to have buckets of cold water poured on the top of his head, which was followed by a welcomed relief; the next day he complained of a sore throat, which troubled him as long as he lived.

Many persons have diarrhea as a consequence of a cold; they cannot rest until they "take something" to "check it," with the certain result of its falling on the liver, to end in a "bilious attack," if not on the lungs, to cause pneumonia, or pleurisy, or other more serious form of disease.

A gentleman had a cold in the head which affected his hearing; it was ignorantly tampered with, and apparently cured; but the eyes began to complain shortly after, to remedy which he spent two years and a thousand dollars under the most eminent Allopaths and Water-Cures, with no efficient result; and his eyes are as troublesome to-day as they were some ten years ago. All "flowings," "runnings," etc., are the result of what, in common parlance, is a "humor in the blood," and nature is endeavoring to "run it off," but our reckless and ignorant interferences thwart her in her efforts, and bring on greater calamities.

In all catarrhs, chronic or acute, long or short, a wise physician will do nothing to stop or repress, but will use means to cause a greater activity of the liver, and prescribe an unstimulating and cooling diet, warmth and judicious exercise.

For ourselves we would give physic a wide berth. If we had a "flowing from," a catarrh, a cold, all of which means precisely the same thing in nature and essence, we would let it flow, and thus have the system relieved of an enemy, whose presence it will not tolerate. But there are three other things which may be done to very great advantage, because they would expedite the cure.

1. Keep the body very comfortably warm by all available means, especially the feet.

2. Take a good deal of exercise in the open air, to the extent of keeping up a very slight perspiration for several hours during the twenty-four.

3. Live on light, loosening, cooling food—moderate amounts—such as water-gruel, crusts of bread, stewed fruits, ripe berries, and nothing else, until entirely well.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Husband in the Kitchen.

A NORSE LEGEND.

Once upon a time there was a man so surly and cross, he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So, one evening, in hay making time, he came home, scolding and swearing, and showing his teeth and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his goody; "to-morrow lets change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes! the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe over her shoulder, and went out into the hay-field with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all, he wanted to churn the butter, but when he had churned awhile he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard the pig come into the kitchen overhead. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig lest it should upset the churn. But when he got up and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, rooting and grunting among the cream which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; and when he got down to the cellar every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 'twas too far to take her to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the house top—for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back, he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "if I leave it," he thought, "the child is sure to upset it." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but, as he stooped down at the well's brink all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet; so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney, and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house top after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down or up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner; but never a call they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But, as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

AGRICULTURAL.

Southern Grasses.

The Southern people are beginning to be very much exercised on the subject of grasses suited to their climate. Many planters believe that it is impossible to grow grass at all profitably in the great planting sections. Others differ with them in opinion. Men who have seen grasses, coarse indeed, but nutritious, growing within the tropics themselves, may be excused from believing the South incapable of producing some sort of grass.

A variety known as the Terrall grass, has been introduced in Alabama, and is very highly spoken of. It is sown in the fall and grows throughout the winter. Cattle delight in it. It is succulent and sweet, and it is believed to be a great addition to the feeding resources of the hotter regions of the South.

Speaking of grass reminds us of another fodder plant which is just now attracting much attention in middle Georgia. It is the *Lespedeza striata*, or bush clover. Like clover itself, it belongs to the great natural order, Leguminosæ, or the bean tribe. It is reported to have made its appearance in Georgia, five or six years ago, after a severe wind storm. Since then it has rapidly spread over the country, driving out the broom sedge and the Bermuda grass, so hated by the Southern planter. It loves the shade and grows in the thinnest soil. Hay has been made of it, which has been greedily devoured by all kinds of stock. Sheep are particularly fond of it. It is said that it is, moreover, a great renovator of the soil.—*Baltimore Leader.*

Greasing Wagons.

But few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well-made wheel will endure common wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wood axletrees, and castor oil for iron.

Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulder-bands and nut-washers into the hub around the outside of the boxes.

To oil an iron axletree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.—*Rural American.*

State of Milk at Churning.

With regard to the state of the milk at the time of churning, I prefer that the milk should not become thick all through, but endeavor to have it in that stage in which a small portion at the bottom and sides of the pan is thick, showing that the thickening process has commenced. *If allowed to stand until the milk is thick all through*, there is great danger of injuring the quality of the butter. At a temperature of about 70 degrees it will be best to skim every day, or at most every thirty-six hours. If our West Bradford correspondent will take the trouble to skim his milk in twenty-four hours after milking, and again in twelve hours more, keeping the two skimmings separate, he will find that the last skimmed will make a very *inferior* sample of butter.

Depth of Milk in Pans.

My own experiments have demonstrated that to put the milk more than three inches deep in the pans, entails a loss in the amount of cream; the cream is so near of the same specific gravity as the milk, that it cannot rise through a very great depth; again, in a large body of milk, it requires a longer time for it to lose its animal heat, which must all be destroyed before the cream commences to rise. If any one will take the trouble to set a shallow pan with not more than *three inches* of milk, away with a bucketful from the same kind, he will find that the pan *will raise nearly if not quite as thick cream* as the bucket.

I would not put away milk deeper than from two and one-half to three inches, and have found that the increased outlay for pans is more than made up by the increase in butter.—*American Farmer.*

AN Illinois correspondent of the Country Gentleman believes that the climate in the prairie sections is changing; that the heat is becoming more oppressive and the cooling breezes less frequent. Before cultivation, says he, "the sloughs remain full, and cool the air; the sun does not get at the earth to heat it up to a boiling point, and the winds play over the surface and make the hottest days delightful. When these prairies are settled and cultivated, if the climate modifies, as I think it will, the heat in summer will be nearly insufferable."

RECEIPTS.

APPLE AND PEACH PIE.—If made of early green apples, they must be stewed with a little water, sweetened with sugar, and nutmeg grated over the top. Bake without a lid of paste.

Winter apples are pared, cored, sliced thin, and put into a dish lined with paste, with the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and a little sugar and very little water. Bake with a cover of paste. Peaches are pared and sliced, sugared, and put into a pie-plate lined with crust, with a tablespoonful of water. Cover with paste.

CHERRY AND CURRANT TART.—Stem and stone your cherries; take an equal weight of very ripe red currants, press them through a sieve, add the juice to your cherries with the crumb of two sponge-cakes, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a wineglassful of brandy. Put it into a tart-dish lined with a rim of paste, cover it with a top crust, and bake it for an hour.

GINGER BEER POWDERS.—Take two drachms of powdered white sugar, five grains of powdered ginger, twenty-six grains of carbonate of soda; mix and wrap in blue paper; thirty grains of tartaric acid; wrap in white paper. For use, dissolve the contents of the blue paper in a tumbler three-fourths filled with water, add the acid from the white paper, stir it up, and drink as soon as dissolved.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

My 23, 46, 30, 24, 20, is the title of a book in the Old Testament.

My 39, 58, 19, 52, 45, 21, 47, 5, 29, 55, 17, is a character mentioned in one of the Parables.

My 54, 33, 31, 46, 25, 34, 30, 58, 20, 16, 14, is the name of a Roman saint.

My 13, 6, 5, 51, 28, 45, 5, 21, 26, 41, 36, is the title of a book in the Old Testament.

My 23, 53, 27, 11, 43, 10, 29, 46, 37, 45, 32, 25, is the name and nativity of one of the apostles.

My 42, 6, 6, 56, 47, 20, 57, 46, 45, 29, 5, 6, 24, 54, is the title of a book in the Apocrypha.

My 43, 55, 49, 21, 7, 7, 32, 7, is the title of a book in the Old Testament.

My 3, 23, 15, 8, 45, 38, 46, 18, 26, is the title of a book in the New Testament.

My 4, 57, 45, 52, 58, 20, is the title of a book in the Apocrypha.

My 2, 12, 37, 50, 9, was a king of Egypt.

My 26, 38, 20, 43, 59, was one of Christ's disciples.

My 1, 25, 44, 41, 30, is a principle taught throughout the Bible.

My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon. LEON.

Eaton, O.

Riddle.

'Tis in the ocean, but not in the river.
'Tis in the donor, but not in the giver.
'Tis in the oyster, but not in the shell.
'Tis in the prison, but not in the cell.

'Tis in the sofa, but not in the table.
'Tis told in the story, but not in the fable.
'Tis in the poet, but not in the bard.
'Tis in the leopard, but not in the pard.

'Tis in the anchor, but not in the cable.
'Tis in the otter, but not in the sable.
'Tis in the mountain, but not in the hill.
'Tis in the powder, but not in the pill.

Brinley's Station, O. EVA.

Arithmetical Problem.

It is required to find a fraction which, when expanded as a decimal, will give in succession all the even numbers of two places of figures to 88 places of decimals.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem for the Boys.

What two numbers that when added make 45, and when you halve one and double the other, the results are equal?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why would Venus descending from Olympus be like a liberal husband? Ans.—Because she would come down handsome.

☞ What is the least desirable station in life for a man to occupy? Ans.—A police station.

☞ What was the river Nile called in its infancy? Ans.—Juvenile, of course.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Donegal. DOUBLE REBUS—Leap Year. (Livy, Eve, Attica, Porter.) RIDDLE—Susanna.

KNUCKLE OF VEAL, OR SHIN OR LEG OF BEEF SOUP.—A knuckle of veal of six pounds weight will make a large tureen of excellent soup, and is thus easily prepared: Cut half a pound of bacon into slices about half an inch thick; lay it at the bottom of a soup-kettle, or deep stewpan, and on this place the knuckle of veal, having first chopped the bone in two or three places; furnish it with two carrots, two turnips, a head of celery, two large onions with two or three cloves stuck in one of them, and a good bundle of lemon-thyme, winter savory, and parsley. Just cover the meat with cold water, and set it over a quick fire till it boils; having skimmed it well, remove your soup-kettle to the side of the fire; let it stew very gently till it is quite tender, *i. e.*, about four hours; then take out the bacon and veal, strain the soup, and set it by in a cool place till you want it, when you must take off the fat from the surface of the liquor, and pour it (keeping back the settlings at the bottom) in a clean pan. If you like a thickened soup, put three tablespoonfuls of the fat you have taken off the soup into a small stewpan, and mix it with four tablespoonfuls of flour, pour a ladleful of soup to it, and mix it with the rest by degrees, and boil it up till it is smooth. Cut the meat and gristle off the knuckle and the bacon into mouthfuls, put them into the soup, and let them get warm. You may make this more savory by adding ketchup.

CHEESE CREAM, A PLAIN FAMILY WAY.—Put three pints of milk to one half pint of cream, warm or according to the same proportions, and put in a little rennet; keep it covered in a warm place till it is curdled; have a mould with holes, either of china or any other; put the curds into it to drain about an hour; serve with a good plain cream and pounded sugar over it.

IMITATION CREAM.—Beat three eggs, the whites and yolks separately. Boil a few peach-leaves in a quart of cream, strain and sweeten it, and stir in the yolks of the eggs. Put in the beaten whites, set over the fire, and when thick take it up and pour out to cool. Serve with any kind of fruit.

SUPERIOR ICE CREAM.—Take three quarts of very rich cream, it must if possible all be of the same age, and perfectly sweet; beat it until it is as stiff as possible; the easiest way to do it is in a small churn. Boil two quarts of morning's milk over water, thicken with wheat flour to the consistency of thin cream, cook thoroughly; add one and a quarter pound of powdered loaf-sugar, lemon and vanilla, mixed or separate, as desired; strain this through a hair sieve, and mix it with the beaten cream. Mix thoroughly, then taste it; if too sweet to suit, add more milk or cream; if not sweet enough, more sugar. It should be much sweeter than would relish before freezing; it loses both flavoring and sweetness in freezing. Be careful not to beat the cream to butter; some cows' milk churns in a short time. This rule makes from eight to ten quarts, according to the lightness of the cream. If the cream is thin, increase the quantity.

☞ There are about 7,500,000 telegraph posts in the world, which it costs about $1,000,000 a year to keep up.